

PS
1269
C7V6

VOICES OF SONG



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1269
Chap. _____ Copyright No. _____

Shelf. C7V6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



C. A. CASTLE.

VOICES OF SONG.

A Volume of Poems

BY

C. A. CASTLE.

1898

BURLINGTON :
FREE PRESS ASSOCIATION,
PRINTERS, BINDERS AND STATIONERS.

1898.

3



2nd COPY,
1898.

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

13055

5168

To the companion of my life, who still abides with me,
this volume is affectionately dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1898.

By C. A. Castle.

In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

PREFACE.

The author has long desired that his scattered, and wandering "children," might be gathered into a home. At the request of friends, this volume is given to the public, in the belief that it will possess a local, if not a general interest, and in the hope that, at least, some degree of pleasure and profit, may be derived from its perusal.

C. A. C.

T = 1269
C7 V6



The Voice of Sacred Song.

As I walked one lovely morning
Through our city's quiet street,
My attention was arrested
By the sound of music sweet,
Borne upon the morning breezes
As it sweetly rose and fell,
Now with soft harmonious cadence,
Now with sweet and gentle swell.

And I listened all enraptured,
To the voice of sacred song
Coming from a passing carriage
As it slowly moved along,—
“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.”

Still I listened, still that music
Floated on the morning air,
And my heart was lifted upward
On the wings of that sweet prayer,
Still the sound came floating, floating,
Through the trees their voices rang,
Wafted by the inspiration
Of the words they sweetly sang.

Rich soprano, lovely alto,
Deepest bass and tenor strong,
Harmony almost celestial
Blended in that sacred song,—
“Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.”

Still I watched that passing carriage,
As it slowly moved away,
To the house of grief and mourning
Where the dead in silence lay.
But there came from out the distance,
As the chorus died away,
Whispers like the voice of angels
And in song I heard them say,—

“When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Bear me through the swelling current
Land me safe on Canaan’s side.”
And I blessed them for their music,
By the breezes borne along ;
And I thanked the Heavenly Father,
For the gift of sacred song.

The Old College Bell.

Ring out the glad music
O'er woodland and dell !
I hail the rich notes
Of the old college bell.
No music of Nature
To me is so dear
As its tones, which in childhood
First fell on my ear.

What thoughts they awaken,
Of Boyhood's bright hours ;
Blue skies, and green meadows,
Of birds and of flowers ;
While life's cares and sorrows
As yet were unknown ;
And earth with its glories
Seemed all as my own.

How oft' have I listened
To catch the refrain
Which rolled o'er the landscape
Again and again ;
As its summons went forth,
On the still morning air,
Awaking the sleepers,
And calling to prayer.

Ah well I remember,
When brought to its home
In the belfry, high over
The tin-covered dome ;
Its loud throbbing tones
Woke the echoes around,
And the morning air quivered
With billows of sound.

And through the long years
Its rich tones we have heard,
As sweet, and as welcome
As spring's early bird ;
Save, when idle students,
Indulging a hope
Of slumbering later,
Had hidden the rope ;
Or, vainly deereeing
It should *not* be rung ;
Have climbed to the belfry,
And stolen the tongue.

Of late we have missed
Its sweet mellowing tone ;
But it only awaited
A worthier throne ;
Now, nobly bestowed
By a citizen's hand ;
Whose grand benefactions

Forever shall stand,
A monument far more
Enduring than stone ;
And whose name will be honored,
When ages are gone.

Then speak from your tower
Old friend of my youth !
Speak forth through the ages
For knowledge and truth ;
Ring out the loud paean,
O'er mountain and dell !
For the glad restoration
Of the old college bell.

Prehistoric Vermont.

Where Missisquoi's quiet current
Wanders to the lake ;
Where Winooski's foaming waters
Through the gorges break ;

Where Lamoille her tribute gathers
From the mountain side ;
And where Otter Creek delivers
Her unceasing tide :

Up and down these lovely valleys,
And by stream, and shore,
Dwelt a pre-historic people,
In the days of yore.

Ere Columbus had discovered
San Salvador's ground ;
Ere Amerigo Vespuccii
A new world had found ;

Long ere Cortez and his army
Marched to Mexico,
And that proud old Aztec city
In the dust laid low ;

Ere Pizarro fighting fiercely,
Conquered rich Peru ;
And upon her bloody altars
There her priests he slew.

Older than the old Algonquins,
Of the age of stone ;
Ere the Iroquois had entered,
They had come and gone.

Near where Plattsburgh's domes and steeples
Overlook the bay ;
There, these pre-historic people
Molded from the clay ;

Earthen pots and earthen vessels,
Curious and fine ;

Covered o'er with decorations
Of unique design.

Whence they came, or what their nature,
How they passed away ;
If by pestilence or famine
No one now can say.

If by war's fierce desolation,
Fighting for their life ;
Till, at length, extermination
Closed the deadly strife.

What might be their faith or worship ?
Many gods, or one ?
Did they bow in adoration,
Worshiping the sun ?

Can it be that on our hilltops
Human victims bled
And upon polluted altars
Human blood was shed ?

Naught is left to tell the story
Of a nation gone,
Nothing, save their rude and speechless
Implements of stone.

Where the water of Missisquoi
Her embankment leaves ;
Under pines of giant stature
There we find their graves.

Our Fatherland.

We love thee, we love thee, thou land of the free,
Thou home of the Pilgrims, our hearts cling to thee ;
So lovely, so dear are thy valleys and hills,
More precious than rubies thy rocks and thy rills.

O'er all the bright landscape thou reignest in bliss,
With naught to disturb thee, sweet Angel of Peace.
We bring to our country our tribute of song,
Each monntain and valley the strain shall prolong.

And o'er her broad plains let the anthem rebound,
Let the thunders of ocean re-echo the sound,
Till one grand oblation of praise shall arise
High upward, still upward, ascending the skies.

Contented and happy thy people shall be,
And long shall they dwell under Liberty's tree ;
O'er each hill and valley, each mountain and stream
The sun of Prosperity brightly shall gleam.

Here, under thy aegis, the poor and oppressed,
In quiet and safety may peacefully rest ;
Nor shall the bright morn of thy glorious day
Grow darker, or fainter, as time wears away.

Here, out from the fount of religion and law
The people their blessings and comforts shall draw ;
Unfettered by tyrants from mountain to sea,
Secure in their union thy children shall be ;
The ages shall bless thee, thou Home of the Free.

The Teacher the True Hero.

[A Poem delivered before the Chittenden County Teachers' Association.]

At the instance of your President
Before you I appear,
Responding to his summons
With mingled hope and fear.

Perhaps 'twas not the wisest thing
To call for one like me ;
But I always have endeavored
To obey the powers that be.

What then is the great interest
That brought us here to-day ?
We hope, by mutual counsel
To find out the better way
Of fixing light and knowledge
In the tender mind of youth ;
And guiding young and wayward feet
Along the path of truth.

Then let us freely speak of wrongs
Which for rebuke may call ;
And without fear of any one,
See that we're just to all.

I come not here to tell what angels
Teachers ought to be ;
They'll place the standard high enough
Without one word from me ;

And I shall say but little of
What teachers ought to do ;
Ye *fathers* and ye *mothers*
My message is to you ;

To you would I address to-day
A kind, but earnest word ;
And only ask that what I say
Shall be as kindly heard.

I've spent my life's best energies
In teaching girls and boys ;
I know a teacher's labors,
And a teacher's griefs, and joys.

The teachers of the public schools,
Pray tell us who are they ?
The people's faithful servants
Working for the smallest pay.

The faithful men and women,
To fame almost unknown ;
Who, toiling for the nation's life,
Are wearing out their own :

Who, leaving oft, the cheerful scenes
Of childhood's happy home ;

Are molding now, the destinies
Of millions yet to come.

Not those who seek to raise the wind,
By eking out their time
Through the long winter's dreary hours,
In idleness sublime ;

Not those who, in their Sunday's best,
Go strutting round the school ;
Or idly sit behind the stove
And gnaw a wooden rule ;

Or sit with feet upon the desk,
Or write to some dear friend
Or flog, secundum artem all
Who happen to offend :

Till all the little one's in fear
Creep cautiously about,
And older ones in counsel grave
Resolved to "put him out."

Such teachers once were to be found
In school rooms here and there ;
But they have long been numbered
Among the things that were.

It is a brave and generous thing
And noble as 'tis brave,
To give one's service freely
The nation's life to save ;

To give up home, and comforts,
And life's choicest blessings yield ;
And peril all we hold most dear
Upon the battle-field :

To meet the country's enemies
In fierce, and deadly strife ;
And, with the gushing crimson tide,
To yield the precious life :

Such acts as these call forth a nation's
Gratitude, and praise ;
And in honor of such heroes, our
Triumphant songs we raise.

But braver, nobler heroes to
Our commonwealth belong ;
Whose deeds we seldom celebrate,
In eulogy, or song ;

Not in the strife of battle is
Their bravest warfare done ;
Not in the bloody conflict are
Their noblest victories won ;

But with youthful hearts their battle-field
And ignorance their foe ;
With faith and love their weapons,
They forth to conquest go.

They calmly move among us in
Their precious work of love ;

As they polish up the jewels for
The treasure-house above.

They cultivate with skillful care
Those intellectual flowers ;
Planted by the Creator
Amid our peaceful bowers :

They guide their young and tender growth
With deep and fervent love :
Till fit to be transplanted to
The Paradise above.

Look on this truthful picture,
Though sketched with hasty hand ;
And behold in *them* the heroes,
The true heroes of the land.

There is a special tribute due
To those who labored most ;
Who from confusion, order brought,
And marshalled all the host ;
To Dana, who with tireless skill
Brought in the graded school ;
And soon the whole Green Mountain State
Adopts the wholesome rule.

And Conant faithful as the sun,
In his diurnal round ;
Toiled on in hope till, in our midst,
The Normal School is found ;

And Adams with his plowshare deep
Broke up the fallow ground.

His name will be a household word
Where e'er Vermonters dwell;
And thousands of her sons, with pride
Will say, "I knew him well."

And Dorsey Taylor, true and tried,
Toiled for the public good;
And by long years of faithful work
Has earned their gratitude.

As Time rolls round with ceaseless pace,
His freight of good he brings;
And teaches us not to despise
The day of little things;

For even in little cities,
Great teachers have been found,
Who, in all knowledge, wisdom, toil,
And faithfulness abound;

Teachers with lives unsullied,
Blameless, and without guile;
Vergennes has given to Vermont
Her Allen, and her Kyle.

Nor will Vermonters e'er forget
The unobtrusive man;
Who in the midst of danger
Was always in the van:

Who left his home, his wife, his child,
The nation's life to save;
And to his country's sacred cause
His brightest prospects gave;

Was first to enter Richmond
When Rebellion's head lay low;
And, with his comrades, on that field,
Gave her the final blow;

Too modest of himself to speak,
Or sound his praises forth;
His sterling worth is best expressed
By saying "Leavenworth."

Nor will we fail to speak of him
Best known by years of toil;
In Underhill, in Williston,
And now on Brandon's soil.

Where e'er he moves, his magic touch,
Resistless as the tide,
And silent as the Heavenly orbs
That through the ether glide;

Annihilates confusion,
Brings order in its stead;
And insubordination hides
Its hateful, hydra head.

And Spaulding, Mead, and Orcutt too,
A noble work have done;

And in their field of labor
A just renown have won;
And Gorham, Bingham, Austin too;
A brilliant race have run.

And Middlebury's pleasant halls
Send forth their cultured minds;
Well fitted by their honored chief
To work out Heaven's designs.

Right grand was the conception,
And noble was the plan;
That placed him there, the Christian meek,
The scholar, and the man.

And thou old U. V. M. we hope
In safety may abide;
Since Heaven to thee a Buckham sends
Thy onward steps to guide.

May thy career be glorious, and
Thy influence ne'er be o'er
Thy power for good increasing
Till time shall be no more.

Look o'er this broad and glorious land
The freest land on earth;
Our own beloved country,
The land that gave us birth;

Behold her waving prairies
Bedecked with flowers of gold;

As, swept by summer zephyrs,
Their beauties they unfold;
Behold her giant mountains
In craggy grandeur stand;
Like lines of mighty sentinels,
To guard our favored land:
While her broad lakes, blue and placid
Like mighty mirrors lie
Reflecting back the glories of
The gorgeous summer sky;
And her deep, majestic rivers
Their endless tribute pour;
And her rock-bound coast reverberates
With the Ocean's ceaseless roar:
And her bright and smiling valleys
Their abundant product yields;
To the millions of her stalwart sons
Who plough her fertile fields.
And her cities rise like magic,
The creation of a day;
And Nature's dormant forces yield
To art's more potent sway.
And her daughters, like the pillars
Round a stately palace set;
Uphold in *their* proportion
The fair fabric of the State;

While learning and intelligence
Their equal blessing give;
To the poorest and the richest
Who the blessing will receive.

And in this splendid galaxy
No stars shine forth so bright
As glorious New England
Grand in her power, and might;

And in this constellation
Whose bright rays upon us fall;
Beams forth our own Green Mountain State
The brightest star of all.

Hail ! glorious old Green Mountains
Of our own dear Father land ;
To us your forms are precious as
Nevada's golden land.

Rest there in solemn grandeur,
And the elements defy ;
While you lift your cloud-capped summits
To the vault of azure sky.

Long may your lovely valleys
The abode of virtue be ;
And the peaceful, happy dwelling
Of the brave, the good, the free.

Tell me, ye sons and daughters
Of our own Green Mountain State ;

Whence comes this mighty wealth of all
That makes a nation great ?

This general intelligence
Diffused so far and wide ;
This pouring forth of knowledge
Like a mighty rushing tide ?

Where lies the hidden secret of
Our nation's wealth and power ?
To what are we indebted for
The blessings of the hour ?

Not merely to the labors of
The faithful men of God,
Who, following their master, oft
A thorny path have trod.

Nor yet to *those* who minister
At learning's *highest* shrine,
And cause fair wisdom's *brightest* light
On human hearts to shine.

In the great work these noble men
Have borne a glorious part ;
And built their deathless monuments
Deep in the nation's heart.

We'll not detract one particle
From such a well-earned fame ;
But hold in most profound respect
Their calling and their name.

Yet we'll remember, that however
Great they all may be ;
Once, in the plain old school-house
They learned their A. B. C.

Standing by the faithful teacher,
Who quietly bore rule ;
And their worthy Alma Mater
Was the pleasant common school.

This is the solid corner-stone
On which securely rest
Our nation's wealth and greatness
And all that makes us blest.

And as the superstructure
In its majesty shall rise ;
To cheer and bless the nations
While its dome shall reach the skies.

Let each of us remember, as
Its comeliness we view,
That the teacher was the architect
And master-builder too.

I tell you fellow citizens
We owe to them to-day
A mighty debt of gratitude
We never can repay.

The value of their faithful toil
Can not be measured here ;

But in Heaven's impartial record
It will gloriously appear.

And while for you they labor,
To them be just and true ;
For in your sphere as parents
There is much that you can do.

Sustain them in their labors,
Both by action and by word ;
And never in your presence let
Foul slander's tongue be heard.

Be gentle to their failings,
Expose them not to view ;
For failings surely they may have,
And faults, as well as you.

Speak words of hope and comfort
To cheer them on their way
And nerve them thus for duty,
As they toil from day to day.

And while to them your kindness
And good offices abound,
One little favor still we ask :
Don't make them board around.

Give them a steady pleasant home
While with you they may dwell ;
And when their work is ended,
Fail not to pay them well.

While thus you kindly labor
The teachers' griefs to share ;
To smooth their rugged pathway
And relieve their anxious care ;

The good you thus are doing
With benevolent concern ;
Shall with a tenfold blessing,
To your families return.

Now cease, oh must thy humble lay,
Nor indiscreet prolong
To tedious and needless length
Thy unpretentious song.

We ask dear friends that you be gentle
To our youthful muse ;
Her faults and failings overlook,
Her errors please excuse.

She came not uninvited to
Her short, and pleasing task ;
Bear this in mind while judging her
And nothing more she'll ask.

With earnest purpose she has wrought
Your mandate to fulfill,
And executes the welcome task
With right sincere good will.

And now my fellow citizens,
In finishing a song

Which I am apprehensive is
 Already quite too long ;
 Accept it, I entreat you ;
 As the offering of a friend ;
 And may Heaven's choicest blessings
 All your future days attend.

To the Rechabites.

And friends of temperance assembled in convention at Burlington,
 January 1849.

Friends of our country with greeting sincere,
 Cheered by your presencee we welcome you here ;
 True to the cause ye have nobly upheld ;
 Ye come, by regard for your country impelled.

Lovers of Temperance, friends of your race,
 Deeply lamenting our country's disgrace ;
 Well have ye toiled to wipe out the foul stain,
 Well have ye battled the victory to gain.

Friends of Humanity, faithful and true,
 Heroes of Temperance our hearts are with you ;
 Freedom our watchward, from Aleohol's chain ;
 Death to the fiend who his millions has slain.

Patriots who seek not for honor, or fame ;
 Having a nobler, a loftier aim ;
 Push on your conquests, we bid you God speed ;
 Ye have *His* blessing no other ye need.

Agents of Heaven the lost to reclaim ;
 Blessed by their families this is your fame,
 Where is the glory so lasting and sure ?
 Where is the fame that like this shall endure ?

Leave not the doctrines for which ye contend ;
 Leave not the faith ye have sworn to defend ;
 Leave not the cause ye have vowed to maintain ;
 Victory has crowned and shall crown you again.

To My Mother.

My mother, if thy spirit hovers near,
 Look on the thoughts thy son has written here ;
 And Oh believe them true. I seek for truth.
 I think of all thy sufferings, dear mother,
 Thy faithful life to all thy children given ;
 Thy toils, thy cares, thy watchfulness for them.
 My heart is filled with agony and grief.
 But “ It is finished.” Yes, thy toil is o'er ; .
 Thy sufferings are past, thy labor ceased,
 And Death is swallowed up in victory.

Ah yes, thy spirit to the Saviour's gone,
 And may my spirit thither follow thee.
 Grant it, my Saviour, to a worm like me.

I know that, ere thy spirit went to Heaven,
 Thou didst forgive thy children's waywardness ;
 Yet 'tis a bitter thought for us to think
 We ever should have caused thy heart a pang.
 But thy last words of admonition kind,
 Sank deep into our hearts. Never shall we
 Forget them. By the kindly aid of Him
 Whose mercy never has forsaken us :
 They shall be carried out through future life.

Whate'er afflictions wait us in our walk
 Through life's uneven way, be it our aim,
 With Christian meekness to endure it all ;
 And even to remember, that the Lord
 Doth not with willingness afflict mankind.

But the chastisements of His Providence
 Are all in mercy sent, and for our good.
 When the fond heart, o'er-charged with worldly care,
 Is bending strongly to the things of earth,
 And almost ready to forget her God ;
 Then comes a visitation from on High :
 Plunging the soul in sorrow's deepest sea ;
 Tearing the dearest idol from the heart,
 And saying to the sad and stricken spirit,
 "*No other Gods before me shalt thou have.*"

Be virtue our companion, God our trust,
And Christ our all-in-all through earthly life ;
And Heaven our home, and praise our glad employ,
Throughout the ages of eternity.

Lines.

Lonely and desolate, weary and worn,
Scarce knowing whither for comfort to turn,
Blessed Redeemer I look unto thee,
Jesus, let *pity* reach even to me.

Crushed with the conscious enthrallment of vice,
Striving in vain from that thralldom to rise,
Plenteous redemption still resteth with thee,
Jesus, let *pardon* reach even to me.

Cold is this heart once aglow with thy love,
Once thy abode, oh thou Heavenly dove ;
Oh that again thy blest form I may see ;
Jesus, let *thy love* reach even to me.

Fierce is the battle with Satan and sin,
Foes are assailing without, and within ;
Conquer I must, for 'tis death if I flee,
Jesus, let *power* reach even to me.

Deep are the shadows that darken my skies,
 Hiding the glory of Christ from my eyes ;
 Longeth my spirit His glory to see,
 Jesus, let *thy light* reach even to me.

Striving to walk in the Heavenly way,
 That shineth still more to the radiant day ;
 Thine, oh my Saviour, at last may I be ;
 Jesus, let *glory* reach even to me.

Once in a Lifetime.

Once in a lifetime! what speechless deep
 Of meaning is hid in that ominous word?
 Once in a lifetime! then seize and keep
 The tones of that voice to be no more heard;
 Friend meets friend on life's busy sea,
 And they part to meet in eternity.

Once in a lifetime we turn away
 From the anxious cares of this busy life,
 To converse for an hour, or to spend a day,
 With a friend, who, engaged in the world's great strife,
 Has risen in life by his voice and pen
 To mold the hearts, and the lives of men.

Once in a lifetime, how brief the hour
In which we may speak of the dreamy past!
And hurried on by an unseen power,
The parting moment has come at last;
And the nervous grasp, and the gushing tear
Tell a tale never whispered to mortal ear.

Once in a lifetime, and can it be
Oh friend, of the kind and the loving heart
That thy face no more we shall ever see?
That we meet but once, and forever part?
Be it even so, if the Father wills,
And if this counsel He thus fulfills.

Once in a lifetime a still small voice
Speaks to the faithful, "Oh spirit, come,
"And linger not, but in him rejoice,
"Who calls thee away to thy Heavenly home."
No terror has death if through such a strait,
We enter in at the pearly gate.

The Bells of Burlington.

We are told of the chimes of Zurich and the bell that peals the hour
O'er the gardens and orchards of Brussels from lofty St. Michael's tower.
We have heard of the bells of Shandon, far back in her days of prime ;
And the bells of Lynn have been lauded in tender and graceful rhyme ;
And there are the golden and iron bells with their music of joy and woe,
And their wonderful rhyming and chiming by the masterful hand of Poe.
But go where we may, we can never hear chords of a finer tone,
Than those that are borne on the breezes, from the sweet bells of Burlington.
How often we listen with rapture, as the melody rises and falls,
Borne forth on the evening zephyrs from the lovely chimes of St. Paul's;
And perchance we think, as we listen, in the peace of our home abode;
Of the noble and generous giver, whose spirit now rests with God.
And when on the morn of the Sabbath, their voices seem all to combine;
There pours forth melodious music, and a harmony almost divine.

We are told that the bells of some churches deliver their narrow creeds,

And tell of a sure panacea for the sorest of human needs ;
That some, in a soft soprano are saying “do well, do well,”
And some, in a high, shrill tenor are crying “No hell, no hell.”
But another and better evangel rings out from our own sweet bells;

Of concord, and peace and union, their melody often tells.
It swells on the morning breezes, it floats on the evening air ;
It calls us to praise and worship, it calls to the house of prayer.

It tells of the love of Jesus as wide as the mighty sea,
And His all-sufficient atonement wrought out for humanity ;
Of the far off land of beauty, and glory, and peace, and rest,
Where the smile of the world’s Redeemer is the spirit’s eternal feast.

This is the creed they publish, the story their music tells,
The bells of my native city, the beautiful Burlington bells.

To My Young Friends Everywhere.

Life seems like a glad summer morning,
Its pleasures are tempting and fair,
And the flowers life’s pathway adorning,
Wave bright in the soft balmy air.

Sweet visions of hope are before you,
Of honor and fame to be won;
And the bright bow of promise is o'er you,
To cheer you and beckon you on.

There cometh a soft voice of warning,
In the midst of these visions so fair;
Though radiant with hope be the morning,
The night may be black with despair;

And the life, which had opened with gladness,
As bright as the dawn, and as gay;
May darken with sorrow and sadness,
Long, long ere the close of its day.

Be wise, my young friends, in your choosing,
Choose God for your portion and guide;
And the tempter's allurements refusing,
Keep close to the dear Saviour's side.

Thus walking in faith, and in duty,
The years shall roll sweetly away;
And bright with the radiance of beauty
Shall dawn Heaven's glorious day.

The Moloch of Slavery.

When from Egypt's cruel bondage
 Israel was safely led ;
And the manna fell from Heaven,
 Giving them their daily bread :

When from Sinai's rugged summit,
 Terrible with smoke and flame ;
Spoke a voice of tenfold thunder,
 Righteous precepts to proclaim :

First among those sacred precepts,
 This command the Eternal gave
To His loved and chosen people ;
 “ *Other Gods thou shalt not have.* ”

When the Heathen Gods were worshiped
 Under every shady tree ;
By a people God had chosen,
 Chosen them His own to be :

When on every lofty hill top
 Incense rose, and victims bled,
And upon polluted altars
 Human blood was freely shed :

First among those bloody idols,
 Bloodier far than all before ;
Stood the grim, and cruel Moloch,
 Smeared, and drenched, with human gore.

There's a fierce and bloody idol
 In this temple of the free ;
 Feasting on his bleeding victims,
 In the name of Liberty.

Hear their groans, ye sons of freedom,
 See their sorrows, day by day ;
 Rouse ye in your might, and crush him ;
 Put his fiendish rights away.

Fear ye not, although his prophets
 In the Senate you may see ;
 And though his *high priest* be seated
 Where the President should be.

The Wanderer's Thoughts of Home.

I sit by the shore of the lake, Mary,
 In the shade of the cedar tree;
 At my feet its waters softly break,
 As I sit and think of thee.

I think of our happy home, Mary;
 And the dear one I left with thee;
 And wait for the time to hasten on,
 When both I again shall see.

I see its smile of joy, Mary,
As it plays with its mother's hair;
As it frolics in glee on its mother's knee,
A stranger to grief, and care.

I see thy look of hope, Mary;
Beaming out from thy gentle eye;
That the child of thy prayers and thy constant cares,
May be guarded by power from on high.

I think of the days gone by, Mary;
When thou wast so young and free;
When thine eye was bright, and thy step was light,
As the bird on the forest tree.

And thou hast not yet grown old, Mary;
For thy heart is joyous still;
And thy step so light, and thine eye so bright,
To my heart sends a gladsome thrill.

And thou lovest me yet as once, Mary;
When my young heart first was thine;
Thy attentions kind, which my heart entwined,
I trust shall be ever mine.

Let Hope be our beacon star, Mary;
And Faith be as strong as now;
While the little one that to Heaven has gone,
Seals doubly, affection's vow.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. B.

Through sunshine and shadows,
Through smiles and through tears,
Together you've traveled
These twenty long years.

Since standing together,
With hand clasping hand ;
United together
In wedlock's strong band;

With hearts light, and joyous,
And strong for the strife,
You launched on life's ocean,
As husband and wife.

And over that ocean
You bravely have sailed,
With a faith and a courage
That never have failed.

Whatever was wrong,
You opposed with your might,
And strongly defended
Whatever was right.

You have watched with the sick,
You have helped the distressed,
You have lashed the oppressor
And soothed the oppressed.

And as you look back
You can truthfully say,
“The poor and the needy
We turned not away.”

Thrice happy the heart
That with sympathy glows ;
Who feels others sorrows,
And shares in their woes ;

To the wants of the poor
Turns a listening ear;
And wipes from the cheek
Of the orphan a tear.

Sail on o'er life's ocean,
As brave as of yore ;
With favoring breezes
Steer straight for the shore,

Where the trials of life
Shall triumphantly close ;
And the spirit shall enter
Eternal repose.

But e're I have finished,
Permit me to say, . . .
Your friends wish you many
Returns of this day.

The Old Home.

The old house still stands in the meadow,
And the grass has grown close to the door,
And the plaster has dropped from the ceiling
And lies on the old pine floor.

The barn and the wood-shed are missing,
They were all torn away long ago;
And the stalls for the cows and the oxen
For many long years have lain low.

You remember the well-curb, and bucket,
And the old crank that wound up the chain;
Well, time has destroyed them together,
Not one of their fragments remain.

The mouth of the well is planked over,
But how many times I would seem
To be quaffing its bright cooling waters,
And awaking, would find it a dream.

The currant-bush row in the garden,
And the red plum-tree, out on the green,
And the apple-trees down in the meadow,
Not one of them now can be seen.

But the old house stands rustic, and silent,
Like a sentinel solemn, and lone,
And the clover grows green in the meadow;
But everything else is gone.

Is gone, did I say? not entirely,
For the little brook still ripples by,
And the bobolink sings just as sweetly
The notes of his old melody.

And under the bank by the wayside
The spring, where we oft used to play,
Gushing out a perennial fountain,
Runs as crystal as ever, to-day.

And the pine woods where we gathered berries
Stand just as they used to before,
Where our childish feet once loved to wander,
Far back in the sweet days of yore.

You know that we once had a brother,
And the childish advantage I took,
When, as he lay watching the minnows,
I tumbled him into the brook.

'Twas well that dear mother was watching,
And thus his young life she preserved,
But my back felt a tingling sensation;
It surely was richly reserved.

And don't you remember the bed-room
Where stood the dear old trundle-bed;
The place where our dear loving mother
Oft pillow'd her poor aching head?

And that's where she put us in sickness,
And watched us by night and by day;
Thus nursing us back from our weakness,
In her loving and motherly way.

I've a nail from that dear bed-room window;
I saw it when once passing by,
And drew it from out the old easement;
I shall keep it, I think, till I die.

The Baltic Street Mission.

(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Hail the Monday evening meeting ;
Hail the precious hour of prayer !
Hail the glad and joyful greeting
Of the saints who gather there.

There the songs of worship blended
With the weary mourners' sigh ;
There the fervent prayer ascended
To the mighty One on high.

There the Temperance gospel preaching,
Ever brought a joyful sound
To the sinner's spirit reaching;
There the Lord was sought and found.

There the poor inebriate kneeling,
With a crushing weight of sin,
Rose again with conscious feeling
Of a soul renewed within.

Precious memories ! How they gather
Round the place so often blest
By the Loving Heavenly Father,
Bringing peace, and joy, and rest.

Precious place ! where e'er I wander
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
When upon the past I ponder,
In my thoughts I turn to thee.

To Rev. James Caughey.

Rest ! bravest of heroes,
Thy work is well done ;
And calm, and serene
Be thy life's setting sun ;
Thy warfare is over ;
Thy labor is blest ;
And God doth accept it,
And bids thee to rest.

Right well hast thou fought
In the van of the host ;
The foremost in duty's
And danger's proud post ;
Aye, rugged and thorny
The path thou hast trod ;
Thou man of the people,
Thou servant of God.

Yes, long hast thou battled
With right royal will ;
With courage undaunted
And consummate skill ;
Against all the foes
Both of God and of man ;
And victory has crowned thee
Again and again.

It was not in battle
Where thousands are slain ;
And blood flowed in torrents
And reddened the plain ;
Where man meets his fellow
In deadliest strife ;
While gushes encrimsoned,
The tide of his life.

Thou never didst wrestle
Against flesh and blood ;
But Rulers of darkness,
The foes of our God ;
Against wicked spirits
Thou wagedst thy war ;
The sound of thy trumpet
They knew from afar.

Thy weapons were mighty,
Thou wieldedst them well ;
And great was the host
Of the sinners that fell ;
Full sixty-five thousand
Have written their names,
All slain by the sword
Of the Lord, and of James.

The past is secure,
And the future is bright ;
And life's quiet evening

Is rosy with light ;
 And “peace like a river”*
 O'er shadows the soul
 Which sweetly is kept
 By its blessed control.

Thus rest faithful spirit
 Secure in the love
 Of Him whom we see not,
 Yet liveth above ;
 And patiently wait
 Till he speaketh the word ;
 Then “Enter thou in
 To the joy of thy Lord.”

Is Mother There ?

He stood where the people were landing,
 And gazed at the fast moving throng ;
 And scanned every visage and feature
 Of the crowd as it moved along.

They had come from the land of his childhood,
 Where many and many a time,
 He had gathered the flowers in the wildwood,
 Far off in that bright Northern clime.

*One of his favorite sayings.

Would they bring him good news of the dear ones
Still left on that far distant shore ?
Would they tell of his own darling mother
Would *he* ever look on her more ?

And what of his dear little sister
Who loved him so long and so well ?
Or the father who toiled for his welfare ?
Had *they* any message to tell ?

At length he beholds an acquaintance,
No longer could he now forbear ;
But lifting his voice in the tumult,
He cries out, is mother there ?

'Tis the language of filial affection,
'Tis the cry of a dear loving son,
'Tis Nature asserting her kingdom,
'Tis a victory *she* has won.

The passengers all have been landed,
And *he* turns away in despair ;
With weary and sorrowful spirit,
For mother, alas, was not there.

But a different prospect will open,
And the change will arrive all too soon
And the scene will not be on the Hudson,
And the time neither morning nor noon.

But life's stream will then be passed over
 And mother will patiently wait
 For her son, in that beautiful city,
 And the landing will be at the gate.

No need of *his* asking for mother,
 When nearing that city so fair ;
 No need of *his* making inquiry,
 For mother will *surely* be there.

He watched at the pier for his mother,
 And waited till long after seven :
 But mother with deathless affection
 Will watch for her children in Heaven.

We Parted in Silence.

We parted in sadness too deep to be spoke,
 In the shade of those weeping willows ;
 While soft on the pebbly shore gently broke
 The white-crested ocean billows.

We parted in silence, and well I knew
 That your dear, loving heart was aching ;
 And the tears that you tried to conceal from view
 From their fountains were swiftly breaking.

We parted in silence, you turned away,
While the tears that were past controlling,
Down your agonized visage were coursing their way
And the bell of the steamer was tolling.

We parted, but in the unspoken grief
That our ties for a time we must sever,
There was one bright thought gave us sweet relief
That our parting was not forever.

To the Christian Advocate.

Oh grand old sheet dispensing benedictions,
And scattering blessings broadcast o'er the land;
Destroying errors, deep'ning right convictions,
Wielding the sword of truth with trenchant hand;
Thy power is felt by wicked men and traitors,
And they alone are thy relentless haters.

Long hast thou battled with right royal will,
Against the enemies of God and man;
In this thy grandest year be grander still,
And on the charging hosts lead thou the van.
The banner of the cross uplifted high,
And “Jesus and His love” the battle cry.

Oh Buckley, nobly hast thou borne the lance,
 And, like a gallant knight, hast battled well
 With armored foes of Christ, and who by chance
 Have come within thy reach. They fought, and fell.
 Smite on, stay not thy lusty blows, oh Editor,
 E'en now thou art to all the world a creditor.

When years have rolled into the dark unknown,
 And poets with ephemeral contributions
 By editors shall lie, their graves moss-grown,
 Or levelled by Time's ceaseless revolutions;
 Still may the Christian Press a mighty agent stand,
 Wielding its power for good through our beloved land.

Brightness Beyond.

Still the storm comes sweeping, sweeping,
 Over hill and dale ;
 Still the clouds their watch are keeping,
 Fraught with sleet and hail ;
 Still the snow is drifting lightly
 Into every form ;
 But the sun is shining brightly
 Just above the storm.

What though dark the scene and dreary ?
It will soon be gone ;
What though sad the heart, and weary ?
Spring is coming on.

Nature with her silent forces
Works through all the hours ;
Bringing, in their proper courses,
Leaves, and birds, and flowers.

Brighter days are just before us,
Days of glad delight ;
With the blue sky arching o'er us,
Full of rosy light.

Then these days of sad repining
Will be all forgot ;
When the sun was brightly shining
Though we saw it not.

Thus the soul is oft beclouded
By uncertain fears ;
And by anxious doubts enshrouded
In this vale of tears.

If we turn, with humble feeling,
To the hills of peace ;
We shall then behold the healing
Sun of Righteousness.

Let us then, without repining,
Dwell upon the thought
That the sun is ever shining ;
Though we see it not.

Faint Not.

Be not weary in well-doing,
Ye who labor, ye who pray;
Faithfully your task pursuing,
Do the duties of to-day.

Be not weary, work is glory,
God appoints to each a place,
In His mighty laboratory,
As co-workers with His grace.

Everywhere is God in motion,
Working through the countless years,
Restless as the mighty Ocean,
Silent as the distant spheres.

Yet this great unseen Creator,
High and mighty though He be,
Has a work for every creature,
Yes, the "Lord has need of thee."

Be not weary, there's a treasure
 For the faithful, God shall keep;
 'Tis eternal life, and pleasure,
 If we faint not, we shall reap.

For the wise there's life, and beauty,
 For the foolish there's a rod;
 Hasten, then, in paths of duty,
Frustate not the grace of God.

To W.

Full twenty-five eventful years
 Of grief and gladness, joy and sorrow,
 You've labored on, 'mid hopes and fears,
 Still looking for a bright to-morrow.'

'Tis come at last, the auspicious time,
 Freighted with blessings rich and stable,
 The pleasant home, the "fruitful vine,"
 The "olive plants" around the table.

The man's a prince who falters not,
 But wins success by high endeavor;
 And though his name may be forgot,
 His deeds shall live and shine forever.

Lines Inspired by a Disgraceful Scene

In the United States Senate.

Genius of Liberty,
Cover thy face !
Hide from thy vision
The nation's disgrace !
Senators drunken,
In Liberty's home ;
Hold Bacchanal revels,
Beneath thy proud dome.

Where is the eloquence
Sparkling and bright,
Battling the wrong,
And defending the right ?
Where are the wise men,
The good and the great,
That saved us in peril,
And guided the State ?

Where is the dignity
Once the proud boast
Of our National council,
A glorious host
Of men once distinguished

For honor and fame ?
Vanished ! and nothing
Is left but, the name.

Patriots, arouse !
'Tis your country that calls,
And drive drunkards out
From our National Halls !
Stamp them with infamy,
Cover their name
With burning contempt,
And with bitterest shame.

Oh Christian, awake !
For the danger is great ;
It hangs o'er the Nation,
It hangs o'er the State ;
Then make supplication,
And wrestle with God,
Or the sun of our freedom
Soon setteth in blood.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. W.

With thanks for many favors past,
Accept, dear friends, this humble token
Of love that will forever last,
Of friendship that cannot be broken.

There is no work by priest or sage,
So grand, so precious or so holy,
As that in which you oft engage,
To brighten life among the lowly.

These noble acts that so abound,
Are touching God's great heart of love ;
And in the ages, will be found
Recorded in the Court above.

Long may you live to bless mankind
With works of love, and mercy blending ;
And in the great Hereafter, find
Eternal peace, and life unending.

Good News.

Listen, my boy, I have something to say;
Good news have come to my ears to-day;
I have found a treasure not silver nor gilt;
I am richer than Astor, or Vanderbilt.

Good news, good news, would you like to know
The happy tidings that cheer me so ?
For the sorrows of life I have little care;
I am richer to-day than a millionaire.

'Tis not the gold of the Western mines
Nor the wealth that deep in the ocean shines,
Nor the pearls that are found in the glittering streams,
On the shore of some far-off land of dreams.

'Tis not the diamond whose brilliant ray
Flashes the light of the orb of day;
'Tis richer to me than the purest gem
That glows in the monarch's diadem.

Do tell me Father what cheers you so,
Just what it is, for I want to know;
The secret my son I confide to you;
I have found that you dare to be right, and true.

Minnehaha.
— — —

There is a stream far in the West,
A pure, and bright, and sparkling fountain;
Forming a lake, which, when at rest,
Reflects the overhanging mountain;
From whose cool grotto pours a stream,
Where many a dusky Indian daughter,
Came oft to lave, and oft to dream;
And named the streamlet Laughing Water.

There is a voice we love to hear,
Ring out upon the morning breezes,
A voice so full of gladsome cheer
That even its echo always pleases:
Gushing it comes, so full, so clear
And rippling like the laughing water
That when it falls upon the ear
We always know 'tis Minnie's haha.

To D.

Sweet be thy sleep, dear child,
Thy tribulation's past,
A well-earned rest awaits thee now,
Thy work is done at last.

Sweet be thy rest, dear child,
While angels guard thy bed,
Thy slumbers sweet are not disturbed
By grief, remorse, or dread.

Sweet be thy sleep, dear child,
Through all the livelong night,
Till thou awake refreshed and glad
To greet the morning light.

An Incident in B.

A minister sat at his desk one day
Where he had sat often before;
For he was preparing a grand essay,
To read to his hearers the very next day,
Concerning the true and the living way,
That would lead them to Heaven's door.

He wandered forth from his cool retreat,
'Twas a beautiful morning in May;
And he took his way through the crowded street,
Where the constant humming of busy feet,
Arose, as he passed, his ears to greet,
Then in distance died away.

A little girl sat in that crowded street,
No father nor mother had she;
Her dress was scanty, and bare her feet;
And day after day she had naught to eat;
Kind words came seldom her heart to greet,
And her grief was sad to see.

The preacher came down on the self-same side,
Revolving his grand essay;
Did he stop where the little girl sat and cried?
Ah no, not he, he had too much pride,
And no spare moments had he, beside,
On a *poor* child to throw away.

But soon, as he walked with stately stride,
A little black puppy came by;
He stopped, and called him up to his side,
Then patted his head with a childish pride;
And stroked his ebony coat beside,
With juvenile ecstasy.

A humble school teacher observed the deed,
And he thought of the holy command,
The naked to clothe, and the hungry feed,
The needy to help in their time of need,
And to these precepts he took good heed,
With a willing heart and hand.

He went to this poor, neglected child,
As she sat by the way and cried;
Her wants he supplied, and in accents mild,
Spoke words of hope, and she sweetly smiled,
And thus her sorrows he soon beguiled.
And her tears of grief were dried.

Oh ye whose hearts, grown hard and cold,
To selfish ambition are given;
Though you from the needy, and poor, withhold
Your treasured riches, or hoarded gold,
Remember, "*Their angels always behold
The face of Our Father in Heaven.*"

To Eugenie W.

They say you're a child of the muses,
That poetry flows from your pen,
Whose sweetness and beauty diffuses
A joy to the children of men.

'Tis a gift that so seldom is given,
A favor that comes from above ;
A chain that unites us to Heaven,
A draught from the fountain of love.

Then drink from the stream that is flowing
From a fountain so holy and pure ;
Drink deep, for the draught is bestowing
A gift that 'tis bliss to seeure.

And since you perceive 'tis the pleasure
Of Heaven such a gift to impart ;
Then accept of the God-given treasure,
And enshrine it with joy in your heart.

And when the Divine inspiration
Through your being comes floating along ;
Then awaken your harp's intonation,
For the world is awaiting your song.

The Spirit of Our Fathers.

[Read before the M. E. Society, Burlington, Vt., Oct. 21st, 1894.]

O muse of the ages thou mighty and strong,
Thy servant inspire with the spirit of song ;
Be thou to the past like the coming of dawn,
And shed forth thy light on the days that are gone.

The days of our fathers, what trials, what strife,
What praying and watching to live a pure life ;
But firmly and stably they stood for the right,
With the world and the flesh and the devil to fight.

The Calvinists then had pre-empted the land,
And left not a place for a Methodist to stand ;
They were hooted and sneered at, oh, sad is the tale,
And some of their ministers rode on a rail.

But most of their foes had to say even then,
"Those Methodist shouters are good honest men ;"
To their home and their country they ever were true,
And always they rendered to each man his due.

They labored and prayed and they shouted and sang,
'Till the arches of Heaven with their melody rang ;
On the promise of Christ, firmly planted they stood,
And thus armed, overcame evil with good.

They were faithful to church, they were early to rise,
They labored with sinners while tears filled their eyes ;
They were known by their dress, both the women and men,
And they helped their good pastor by saying “Amen.”

They trusted in God with an unshaken faith
That lifted their hearts above all fear of death ;
And our ministers always this story could tell
Of the faithful departed—“OUR PEOPLE DIE WELL.”

The appearance of evil they’d always resist,
They had not the least knowledge of poker or whist ;
To parties of pleasure they never would go,
Nor learned they to “trip the light fantastic toe.”

From a small class of seven, in eighteen fifteen,
The Burlington church, as can plainly be seen,
(Although we may say it is still in its youth,)
Has become a great power for virtue and truth.

And as we look back o’er the days that are past,
And then to the church that is growing so fast,
Let us never forget of the heroes to tell
Who laid the foundations so strong and so well.

Of Warner and Stewart, who led the first class,
Of Haynes, Land and Truman, how rapid they pass ;
Of Canghey and Little, of Osbon and Gray,
And a host who are lying in the grave-yard to-day.

We reverence their memory, we honor their name,
And though not enrolled in the records of fame,
Their record most surely is written on high,
And their names and their memory never can die.

Lake Champlain.

When the sun shone forth on Creation's morn
And smiled on a world that was newly born,
When darkness was lifted from earth's fair face
Revealing to angels her matchless grace,
When the stars of morning in chorus sang
And Heaven's high arches with music rang,
As the sons of God the fair earth beheld . . .
And their joyous shouting the chorus swelled,
Looking out on the glories of sea and land
As it issued forth from the Maker's hand—
No lovelier spot did the earth contain
Than the grand and the beautiful Lake Champlain.

Oh bright, limpid waters, of crystal sheen,
Like a picture set in a frame of green,
Beneath thy dark bosom the navies lie
Whose thunders once echoed from earth to sky ;

But when the sweet angel of rest and peace
His golden wand lifting bade war to cease,
The engines of battle, at his behest,
Far under thy waters were laid to rest.

The sentinel mountains around thee stand,
As if to protect thee from hostile hand ;
With emeralds dotted thy bosom lies,
Reflecting the tints of the summer skies;
The breezes have kissed thee, the Eastern sun
Salutes thy fair form when the day's begun;
The heavens look down with serenest smiles
On thy sunlit bays and thy charming isles.

And when in the West the declining sun
Proclaims that his circuit is almost run,
No pen can describe in a fitting strain
The glorious sunsets on Lake Champlain.

Read at the Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

Of the Author's Marriage.

Beloved friends, to us so dear,
With us life's weary pathway treading ;
We thank you for your presence here,
To celebrate our Golden Wedding.

We're grateful that you thus have come
Without parade or ostentation;
From many a bright and pleasant home,
To bring us your congratulation.

We thank you for this friendly call,
This glad, though quite informal meeting;
Accept, dear neighbors, one and all,
Our thanks for such a kindly greeting. .

This evening hour will ever be
What e'er our lot, or our vocation;
A bright and pleasant memory,
While we continue life's probation.

We've walked together fifty years,
Through cloud and sunshine, joy and sorrow;
Through light and shadows, smiles and tears,
Still trusting for a glad to-morrow.

"Tis come at last, this morning's sun,
Still traveling on His daily mission;
Brings us to-day an era done,
An era closed with glad fruition.

Our well beloved Pastor's here,
Whose glowing speech contains no Fiction ;
He'll give us many words of cheer
'Ere he pronounce the Benediction.

And here is "Uncle Ira," too,
Who long has sailed Life's stormy ocean ;
An honest man, a neighbor true,
And firm, amid the world's commotion.

Here's Huntington, and Lang and Howe,
And Page, and Howard, all good talkers ;
And neither last, nor least of all,
A glorious company of Walkers.

With Thanks for God's protecting power
Let us now banish care and sadness ;
And let this bright auspicious hour,
Be given up to joy and gladness.

The Coming of the Horse Cars.

What means this strange roaring, just out on the street?
This rattling and clattering and tramping of feet ;
This running to see, and this loud busy hum,
And mingling of voices ? The horse cars have come.

Oh, what would our fathers and grandfathers say
If they could return to our city to-day ?
Those men of strong muscle, those men of renown
Who conquered the forest and built up the town.

As' they stood on the streets they laid out long ago,
Where once the strong oak, and the pine used to grow,
We think they would say, as their hearts swelled with pride,
"My children stop walking, 'tis cheaper to ride."

The thoroughbraced wagon, the lumbering chaise,
The ox-cart and bob-sled we used in our days,
The best that we knew is completely out-done;
The father is fairly eclipsed by the son.

Oh shade of the fathers who sleep with the dead;
Come back to the haunts where your feet used to tread ;
For the place a strange sight to your vision reveals ;
Your children are riding in houses on wheels.

Farewell to the 'bus of the Park and Van Ness ;
 Farewell to the dime line and ten-cent express ;
 These methods of travel we've faithfully tried ;
 Now jump on the horse cars, and all take a ride.

At a Banquet

Given by the Merchants' Association at the Van Ness House the toast "Life Insurance" was responded to as follows:

Mr. Chairman :

In the presence of so many gentlemen representing the wealth and the business interests of our city, I may well be pardoned for a little embarrassment, and what I say shall at least have the merit of brevity.

If any thing on land or sea
 Can show the power of man's endurance,
 And prove him a true man to be,
 It is the work of Life Insurance.

If there's a man lives here below,
 Who labors without show or pageant,
 To lift the load of human woe ;
 It is the Life Insurance agent.

'Tis coming to be understood,
That nothing in the state or nation
Confers more true, and lasting good,
Than an insurance corporation.

And every man who fairly tries
This golden plan so often stated,
Will find that, though he lives or dies,
A fortune he has thus created.

The country is all dotted o'er
With homes, once full of grief, and sadness,
Where poverty comes now no more ;
But all is comfort, peace, and gladness.

And this result has been achieved through the beneficent operation of Life Insurance. There is one feature of this great work that can be well illustrated by an incident that took place in this city but a short time ago.

There was a young merchant in B
Whom Rogers one day called to see,
He insured his life
For his children and wife
Now his widow is rich, don't you see ?

Mr. Chairman, I have done,
Like Holmes, with his wonderful
"One Hoss Shay" Logie is logic
That's all I say.

Voices of Spring.

List to the song of the birds of spring
Through woodland and meadow their carols ring.
Joyously sweet is their cheerful lay
As they pour it forth to the dawn of day
From green shady bowers their songs they sing,
List to the warbling birds of spring.

Hark to the swell of the balmy breeze,
As it floats through the tops of the budding trees ;
As it shakes the dew from the forest tree,
And the tall grass waves like an emerald sea.
Its music bursts from each shady dell ;
Hark to the balmy breezes' swell.

Come to the shores of the silver lake,
Where the rippling surges gently break ;
No longer, in icy fetters bound,
They break on the shore with a gentle sound ;
Borne on by the breeze from the tropic land ;
Come to the blue lake's pebbly strand.

Come to the lovely forest bowers,
Gay with the glory of spring's first flowers ;
Lifting their heads in their modest bloom ;
Gratefully shedding their sweet perfume,
Tender, and graceful, are spring's bright flowers ;
Come to the lovely forest bowers.

Robert Meech Walker.

Read at a Memorial Service of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School,
July 26, 1896, on the death of Robert Meech Walker.

Farewell, faithful brother, a tender farewell :
The grief that o'erwhelms us our lips may not tell.
Thou art gone, and thy spirit has reached the blest shore,
In silence we weep, for we see thee no more.

Thy sufferings are over, thy labor is done :
Life's battle is fought and the victory is won.
Thy work is accepted, and honored, and blest,
And thou hast been gathered to Heaven's sweet rest.

In all thy long waiting no murmuring word,
No sigh of impatience has ever been heard :
But the Angel of Death, with his summons has come.
And sorrow o'ershadows a beautiful home.

As the mists of the morning roll swiftly away,
Dispelled by the beams of the full orb of day,
So, tearfully waiting, we catch the sweet word,
Saying "Blest are the dead who have died in the Lord."

We mourn thy departure and long shall we mourn
The bright, golden days that will never return :
But we, too, shall come, in Our Father's good time,
And our friendship renew in the Heavenly Clime.

Oh, Robert : how lovely and pure was thy life
In the whirl and commotion of this world's great strife :
Though short was the life, of our brother and friend,
Still that life is long which has answered life's end.

'Mid the blossoms of summer we lay thee away,
In quiet to rest till the great Judgment Day;
And when the Archangel's loud trumpet shall sound,
In the first resurrection thy name shall be found.'

We drop o'er thy grave, tears of friendship and love,
And rise in our thoughts to the glories above.
Where the saints of all ages in ecstacy meet,
And there thy pure spirit thy Saviour shall greet.

The zephyrs that sigh through the evergreen's shade
Shall sing their soft dirge o'er the grave of the dead.
And the beautiful waters, so near to thy tomb,
Shall murmur thy requiem through ages to come.

Recollections.

There's a place in the town of Cornwall,
That will ever be dear to me ;
Abounding in recollections
Most sweet to my memory.
A place to which in my thoughts I turn,
And wish I again might see ;
For there was the home of my friend Jerome
And his beautiful family.

The meadow green, and the crystal sheen
Of the brook, as it rippled by ;
The forest tall, and above them all
The blue of the azure sky :
The garden spot, and the strawberry plot,
And the maples before the door ;
Such was the home of my friend Jerome
In the beautiful days of yore.

And there was one, 'twas the oldest son,
A lover of birds and flowers ;
With diligent hand he tilled the land,
And devoted his leisure hours
To the tender care of the plants so fair,
And the blossoms they richly bore ;
In the pleasant home of my friend Jerome
Far off in the days of yore.

And there was a girl with her teeth of pearl
And her merry and winning ways ;
And she played and sang till the welkin rang
In those peaceful and happy days.
She was young and fair, and without a care,
And the joy of the house was she ;
In the happy home of my friend Jerome
With parents and brothers three.

And there was another a charming mother,
Most gentle and sweet and kind,
Adorned with the grace of a lovely face
And a lovelier charm of mind.
She was faithful and true, as the sky was blue,
And the strength of that home abode ;
That peaceful home of my friend Jerome
But her spirit now rests with God.

The other boys with but little noise,
Are gathering golden store,
And carving their name on the rolls of fame
In music, and classic lore ;
And that girl so rare in a city fair,
Presides with a queenly grace ;
In her beautiful home where my friend Jerome
Finds ever a welcome place.

I. O. O. F.

The following poem was read at the "house warming" given by Green Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F. in their new hall.

I rejoice once more to meet you,
And in this new hall to greet you,
So then let me now entreat you
 To accept my humble rhyme ;
We will banish care and sorrow,
Let them wait until to-morrow,
For no trouble should we borrow,
 At this glad and joyful time.

Brighter far than the Aurora
We will here recount the glory,
And we'll tell the cheerful story,
 Of the Order we adore ;
And we hope that every member,
Will most pleasantly remember
This, the tenth day of September,
 Eighteen Hundred Ninety-four.

Rapidly the Order's growing,
And the seed we're daily sowing,
And we number now our millions,
 Though the Order's in its youth.

Brightly waves our glorious banner,
Over land and over ocean,
And we'll shout our glad Hosanna
For Friendship, Love and Truth.

Odd Fellowship.

Read before Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1, at its 50th Anniversary.
December 21st, 1894.

Oh sons of the Order that's growing so strong
I sing at your bidding, then list to my song ;
To the praise of Odd Fellowship now will I sing,
And to Truth, Love and Friendship my tribute I bring.

And what is Odd Fellowship, what has it done
For the good of humanity under the sun ?
What means this assemblage of good men and true ?
To pay her the homage we think is her due.

And what of the Order that's spreading so fast ?
And what of the field that's already so vast ?
And what of the work she is doing so well ?
Oh Muse of the Ages ! assist me to tell.

'Tis a beautiful temple, so high does it rise,
That its glorious dome reaches up to the skies,
Its broad, deep foundations securely we lay,
On the blest *Rock of Ages*, forever to stay.

Its high noble gateway, immortal and grand,
Upheld by three pillars, forever shall stand.
The glorious pattern was brought from above,
And we name these three pillars *Truth, Friendship and Love.*

We enter this temple. In front of our shrine
Enthroned the three beautiful graces recline.
Entranced with their charms we in reverence bend,
And Faith, Hope and Charity their blessing extend.

As the mild and genial radiance,
Of the gentle queen of night,
Touches up the *darkened landscape*
With its soft and lambent light,
So Odd Fellowship's pure meteor,
With its beaming rays and warm
Lightens up our *moral landscape*
With a *softer holier charm.*

'Tis the handmaid of Religion,
As with silent steps it goes
Binding up the broken-hearted
And relieving human woes.
And the sorrow-stricken widow

Wipes her tears of grief away,
And the orphan's heart is leaping
For the joy it brings to-day.

As the streams come leaping, dancing,
Sparkling from the mountain-side ;
And then winding through the meadows,
As they softly, sweetly glide :
So Odd Fellowship's pure river,
Flows the whole green earth around ;
And true joy, and peace, and blessing,
In its healing stream are found.
She's a blessed inspiration
To the highest, noblest deeds ;
And she waves her glorious banner
O'er all nations, tongues, and creeds.

She has watched with the sick she has helped the distressed,
She has lashed the oppressor and soothed the oppressed ;
She stands by the bedside of sickness and pain,
And she *rescues* the orphan again and again.

The blessing of him that was ready to die,
Whene'er she approaches ascends to the sky ;
She labors unceasing in sunshine and rain,
And seeks to enoble the children of men.

When by the cold hand of Humanity's foe,
Which knows no relenting, a brother's laid low ;

She places the emblem of Love on his breast,
And gently, and tenderly, lays him to rest.

Oh Blessed Odd Fellowship, long has it stood,
For all that is honest, and noble, and good;
And through coming ages still thus may it stand,
A light and a blessing in every land.

It is now 50 years at this present date,
Since the sovereign Grand Lodge of the Old Empire State,
Sent out a deeree to six men of renown,
Full of Wildie's own spirit, to come to this town.

They came in due season, 'twas then forty-five,
The 14th of the first month, how few are alive
Who witnessed the scene, seven hours from that morn,
When Green Mountain Lodge of Odd Fellows was born.

'Twas a strong, healthy child from the very first start,
Or it never so well could have acted its part;
For they left it next day to the chill, biting cold,
And mounting their sleighs, they returned to their fold.

And the people of Burlington nursed it with care,
And it soon grew to maidenhood, ruddy, and fair;
And in time, a proud mother embraces a son,
Which then in her gladness she names "*Hamilton*."

Oh Mother of Lodges, thy name shall be great,
Thy children are *spread* through the Green Mountain State;

We come to salute thee, to bless thee, and now
We place a fair chaplet of flowers on thy brow.

Thy record is faultless, untarnished, and bright,
Thy sons gather round thee with greeting to-night ;
And while these fair flowers thy figure entwine,
They stand in thy presence, *and bow to thy shrine.*
They hail thee, fair mother, with gladness untold,
Because thou hast lived to be *fifty years old.*

And now, oh my Brothers, a blessing for you,
To *Honor* and *duty* be faithful and true ;
And may *Green Mountain Lodge* continue to stand
Through Time's latest ages, a power in the land.

Laus Deo.

The holy calm of Sabbath
 Reposeth on our hills,
 It broodeth o'er our valleys,
 It smileth on our rills.
 Its holy presence whispers
 In the still autumn air,
 And Nature seemeth lifted
 To God in silent prayer.

And Peace, Celestial angel,
 Holds out her silver wand,
 And spreads her golden pinions
 O'er our beloved land.
 With glad and grateful spirits
 God's Holy Courts we tread,
 And offer Him our worship
 With none to make afraid.

For all that spring bestoweth
 With free and bounteous hand,
 For blessings richly scattered
 O'er all this goodly land,
 For all the golden treasures
 That Autumn freely pours,
 With an unmeasured bounty,
 From her o'erflowing stores :

For life, and health, and comfort,
For country, home and friends,
For blessed rain and sunshine,
Which God so freely sends ;
For spring's delightful verdure,
And summer's deeper hue ;
For golden tints of Autumn
And skies serenely blue :

For clouds with silver lining,
Whose motions never cease,
A true and lovely emblem
Of purity, and peace ;
And for the greater blessing,
The precious word of truth,
In age, a consolation,
A faithful guide in youth :

For hope divinely given
Through faith in that blest word ;
A joyous hope of Heaven,
And for a risen Lord ;
We praise the Heavenly Giver,
And thank the kindly power,
Whose smile brings light and blessing
With every passing hour.

A Prayer.

Heavenly Father hear my plea,
Let me now commune with thee ;
Thou hast hedged me round about,
Thou alone canst bring me out.

Heart and eyes I lift to thee ;
Oh, my God deliver me :
Cause thy face on me to shine ;
Warm my heart with love divine.

Guide me, lead me day by day ;
In thy Providential way.
Let me see thy guiding hand,
Leading to the better land.

Well thou knowest my anxious fear,
During all my sojourn here ;
Lest I lose thy Heavenly grace,
Lest I fail to see thy face.

Thou hast heard the unuttered groan,
And the weary spirit's moan ;
Wrestling long in agony,
Let me now prevail with thee.

Yes, my Lord, I now prevail ;
Thou hast named me "Israel."

Skies once dark are all aglow,
And I see the golden bow,
Spanning my horizon bright,
With its pure celestial light.

Heavenly music now I hear,
Filling my enraptured ear.

And a Heavenly voice Divine,
Whispers "Spirit thou art mine,
" I thy guest will ever be,
" Only love and worship me."

Be it thus, oh Heavenly guest ;
Enter in and give me rest ;
Then I'll sing with saints above,
" Hallelujah, God is Love."

The Word Was God.

The word was God, sublime and glorious thought !
And by that word the worlds sprang forth from naught,
Eternity drew back her solemn shade,
Revealing them in robes of light arrayed;
The formless void took shape, with beauty glowed,
And fitted for the glorious abode
Of beings pure, in God's own image made,
And in His spotless righteousness arrayed,
Began its course, and from His mighty will
Its impulses received potent, though still;
And in majestic silence circling round
The throne of God, even to the depths profound,
Where thought ne'er reached, where science ne'er explored,
They own the power and presence of the Word,
And shine obedient to the sovereign will
Of Him whose presence doth Creation fill.
By whom all things were made, who rules o'er all,
Yet without whom a sparrow cannot fall.

Incomprehensible Divinity !
Our souls in adoration bow to thee,
Whose glory we behold in all thy ways,
Whose voice we hear in Nature's song of praise.
We hear it in the soft and gentle breeze,

Whispering at rosy morn through dewy trees;
 We hear it in the thunder's fearful roar,
 We *feel* it in the oft refreshing shower.
 It speaks from radiant morn, *whose golden* hue
 Is mirrored forth from pearly drops of dew:
 Or from the gentle rill, or placid lake,
 Or where the restless surges ever break
 Upon the ocean's shores, reflecting far
 The hues of morning like a golden star.

It speaks at evening, when the gorgeous ray
 Flings on the clouds the hues of parting day ;
 And sweetly ushers in with silent power
 The star-lit beauties of the twilight hour.
 And when the moon with mild and radiant light
 Shines through the fleecy clouds to cheer the night,
 A still small voice comes whispering through the soul
 That *God in motion* permeates the whole.

The word was God, yet took the human form,
 Assumed the mean condition of a worm;
 Was clothed with human flesh, bore human woes,
 Shared all the griefs that human nature knows,
 Lived, toiled, and suffered, to redeem the race,
 God's own begotten full of truth and grace .
 And having wrought redemption's glorious plan,
 And made salvation possible to man,
 He now ascends back to His first abode
 The bosom of His father and His God.

Ask not again my soul how Christ the son
 Can with the blessed Father still be one.
 Here rests the Christian's hope firm as a rock,
 And undisturbed by error's fiercest shock.
 This the great centre of redemption's plan
 That God with God was also God with man.
 Mercy to Justice pays the debt we owe,
 And lets the poor repenting sinner go;
 While Righteousness and Peace together meet,
 And Truth, and Mercy, now each other greet.
 Thus God is reconciled to sinful dust,
 Can justify fallen man and still be just,
 Let Heaven her never-ending anthem pour,
 "*To God be glory now and evermore,*"

"The word was God" 'tis food for every soul
 That yields obedience to its sweet control.
 "By every word of God," our Saviour said,
 Man is to live, and not alone by bread."
 The word is life and spirit, blessed word !
 Forever be that spotless name adored
 Who sends the comforter the soul to bless,
 And lead us in the paths of righteousness.
 May that blest spirit be our constant guide
 And ever keep us near the Saviour's side
 Till, having closed our cares and labors here,
 And finished our probation's brief career,
 Eternal life shall be our rich reward,
 And we be ever with our blessed Lord.

Christ and the Children.

Come, Oh beloved with me, let us go to Capernaum's city;
Nestling down by the sea in the midst of perennial splendor;
City exalted to heaven by the presence and work of the Master;
Grand were her walls and her towers, looking out over Galilee's water;

Rich was the landscape around, and clothed to the hill-tops
with verdure.

Hither the Saviour had come from the scenes of the transfiguration;

Seeking for needed repose from a long and wearisome journey.
Peter throws open his doors, and welcomes them all to his
mansion;

Thus they were entertained and refreshed by one of their number;

Thus it continues to be among the disciples of Jesus;

Thus should it be their delight to love, and to help one another.

Now the disciples have come to ask the Redeemer a question;
He must decide the dispute and settle the matter forever.

“Tell us, Oh Master,” they said, “which one of us all shall be
greatest;

Who shall be nearest to Thee, when Thou shalt come into Thy
kingdom?”

Sad was the visage of Christ at this proof of their pride and
ambition;

Sad were the tones of His voice, as he called a little child to
Him,

Taking the child in His arms He said to His listening disciples:
"None who are not like this child can enter the kingdom of
Heaven.

Ye must be changed in your hearts and be in your natures like
children."

Thus spake the Saviour of Men in the Mansion of Andrew and
Peter;

Thus he is speaking to-day, and teaching the lessons of wisdom;
Oh, let us treasure His words and follow His Heavenly teaching.

Let us be truthful, and pure, and childlike, and humble, and
loving;

Thus shall we walk in His steps, and gain His divine benediction;

Thus and thus only can we be fitted to work in His vineyard;
Fitted to honor Him here, and then to enjoy Him forever.

Ruth.

[Written for the Bible Readers' Union of the M. E. Church.]

Entreat me no longer to leave thee I pray,
For whither thou goest, I also will go ;
Wherever thou lodgest I also will stay,
Thy joys, and thy sorrows, my bosom shall know.

In the place where thou diest I also will die,
In Judah or Moab as God shall decree ;
By the dust of my mother my ashes shall lie,
And nothing but death shall divide me and thee.

My home and my country, I gladly resign ;
Thy presence and love are far dearer to me ;
Thy God, and thy people, henceforth shall be mine ;
I leave all my friends and my kindred for thee.

The young widow's words are the words of a sage,
Ah, more, they are words of affection sublime ;
And the sweet chords she struck in that far distant age
Are echoing still through the arches of time.

'Tis harvest in Judah. O'er valley and plain
The song of the reapers is born on the air ;
The fields are all glowing with ripe golden grain,
And the bright sunny landscape is wondrously fair.

The sun is just rising. O'er hill-top and dale
 His Orient beams are now chasing the night ;
 The clear brook of Esheol winds sweet through the vale,
 And the scene is all glorious with morn's rosy light.

The rich son of Rahab has marshaled his men,
 The spring's early sowing a hundred fold yields ;
 They welcome his glad salutation, and then
 Their sickles flash bright in the broad spreading fields.

That blest salutation ; how charming, how grand !
 No words of address could more beautiful be ;
 How seldom we hear it in our day and land :
 "The Lord God be with you," "The Lord God bless thee."

"Whose damsel is this?" to his servant he said,
 And quickly responsive the servant replied ;
 " 'Tis the Moabite maiden, her husband is dead,
 With Naomi she came in our land to reside."

In humble attire she is gleaning the grain,
 She heeds not the rays of the hot burning sun ;
 From her noon's scanty meal now returning again,
 Brief rest will she take 'till the day's work is done.

But hark ! he has called her, her story he knows,
 Her faithful, unselfish and virtuous life ;
 The mantling blood on his ruddy cheek glows ;
 Even now he determines to make her his wife.

He speaks. With a tenderness born from above
And freighted with blessings his words seem to be ;
He pours forth a rich benediction of love,
And she sweetly replies : "Thou hast comforted me."

Ah, Moabite damsel ! thou blest of the Lord,
'Tis not barley only thy toiling doth yield ;
Thy love and thy faithfulness bring their reward,
Thou gleanest a HUSBAND in Bethlehem's field.

Yes, radiant maiden, the path thou has trod,
Though clouded by sorrow again and again,
Hath brought thee to favor with Israel's God ;
Through THEE shall descend the Redeemer of men.

Thy story is told all this green earth around,
It rolls through the nations, it grows with the years ;
Wherever it comes with its sweet tender sound,
It lifts the despondent, the weary it cheers.

The mother of Obed has long been at rest,
And sweet be her sleep under Bethlehem's sky ;
But her words are embalmed and her memory's blest
And her record is written on earth and on high.

The Transfiguration.

Oh come to the mountain beloved with me,
And a vision most wonderful there we will see
The Saviour retires from the world far away,
With His three loved Disciples to watch and to pray ;
And night's sable curtain hangs over the deep
The stars shine above and the world is asleep.

And while thus engaged in communion and prayer
While His pleadings arose on the still midnight air,
A dazzling brightness, a Heavenly glow,
Makes His face like the sun and His raiment like snow.
The glory celestial that shone in His face
Illumines the darkness and fills all the place.

But listen, what heavenly voices we hear ;
Ah, look ! For Elias and Moses appear,
They, too, are enveloped in glory divine,
Their faces with brightness ineffable shine,
As they talk of His death and the glory to come,
When He shall have opened the gates of the tomb ;
Of the millions His mighty atonement shall save,
When He all triumphant shall rise from the grave.

How blessed, how fitting that these men of power
 From the Heavenly regions should come at this hour ;
 His suffering humanity needed the cheer
 Which they brought from the ages in meeting Him here.

Then came a bright cloud and o'ershadowed them all;
 The Disciples in fear on their faces now fall;
 And the voice of Jehovah proclaims to the ear,—
 “ This is my beloved and Him shall ye hear ! ”

’Tis finished, the Transfiguration is o'er—
 A scene to be witnessed on earth never more—
 To the conquering Christ all dominion is given,
 And Satan, like lightning has fallen from Heaven.

The Great Confession.

’Twas the golden time of summer, it was anno twenty-nine,
 And the blessed Christ was traveling the land of Palestine,
 He had come fram Dalmanutha, He had passed through
 Galilee.

He had crossed the upper Jordan just above Tiberias sea,
 And the snowy peak of Hermon rose before them white and
 grand,

And the coasts of Caesar-Philip were already close at hand.
They were weary with their journey, e'en the strongest and
the best

And they stopped to eat a morsel and to take a little rest ;
And the meek and lowly Saviour, ever watching for a time
To instruct his loved disciples, and to teach them truths sub-
lime:

Now propounds the mighty question sends it ringing all abroad,
And it brings the great confession "Thou art Christ the Son of
God."

Quickly comes the benediction ever flowing, ever free,
"Blessed art Thou, Son of Jonas, God revealeth this to thee."
And this blessing from the Master pouring forth in words
sublime,

Reacheth out to all the ages, reacheth to the end of time.
It is not to Peter only that the blessed keys are given,
But to every true believer, Faith unlocks the gate of Heaven.
Oh, Beloved, while we travel in the straight and narrow road;
Let us make our declaration "Jesus is the Son of God."
Let us hold fast our profession without wavering to the end,
Witnessing a good confession for our dear and heavenly friend.
Let us follow in the footsteps which the blest Redeemer trod,
Till it leads to bliss immortal, and the city of our God.

I Write Unto You, Little Children.

Theme from 1st John 2.12, to the Junior Temperance League.

I write unto you little children,
Because that your sins are forgiven;
And the Blessed Redeemer has told us,
Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

I look in your innocent faces,
So rosy with joy and with love;
And thus I can see the reflection
Of the Saviour who liveth above.

I write unto you, little children;
Because you love virtue and truth;
And you joined the cold water army
While yet in the dawning of youth,
And so you are valiantly fighting
The hosts of intemperance and sin;
In truth and in honor delighting;
The battle you surely will win.

I write unto *all* little children,
Their ways are so winning and sweet;
So cheerful their innocent prattle,
And the sound of their pattering feet.
Dear children, the sweetest and purest

Among the earth's beautiful things;
Of all our heart-treasures the dearest;
They are "Angels without any wings."

I write unto you young people,
Because ye are strong in the Lord;
And because the good work you are doing
Is blest and approved by His word.
Be true to yourselves, and to virtue;
To this all your influence give;
And labor to make the world better,
And work just as long as you live.

I'll Think of Thee.

I'll think of thee, Mary, at morning,
When dawn lifts her fresh dewy eye;
And the glorious sun is adorning
The vault of ethereal sky.
When the songsters are merrily telling
Their stories of joy from the grove;
And the music of Nature is swelling,
Harmonious, in accents of love.

I'll think of thee, Mary, at evening,
When the soft, loving twilight appears;
And the moon, in her beauty is beaming
Through the silvery mantle she wears.
As I wander in deep meditation,
With my great Creator alone;
My wishes for thy preservation,
Shall ascend to the Heavenly throne.

In Springtime I'll think of thee, Mary,
When Nature bursts forth from the tomb,
While she, of her long slumber weary,
Dispels all her sadness, and gloom.
When the bud, and the embryo blossom,
Burst forth to the sun's cheering ray;
Like the hope that springs up in my bosom,
Of a brighter, and happier day.

In summer, I'll think of thee, Mary,
When the trees their rich livery wear;
When naught upon earth appears dreary,
When joyfulness banishes care.
When the landscape in brightness and glory,
Enrobed in her Emerald Green,
By the lavish profusion of Flora,
In rural perfection is seen.

In autumn, I'll think of thee, Mary,
 As I wander, at evening along
 To the grove, that no longer is merry
 With the notes of the whip-poor-will's song.
 In winter, I'll think of thee, Mary,
 When the snow is on forest and lea;
 Forever I'll think of thee, Mary,
 Let me not be forgotten by thee.

To Miss M. H.

An Epigram.

'Tis a blessed position,
 This Christly commission,
 To work in the mission
 From day unto day;
 This work of each member,
 'Tis well to remember,
 Is making December
 As pleasant as May.

O, Decatur!

(Song—"O, Susannah !")

Far down within the sunny land
Where roses ever bloom,
With flowers fair on every hand,
Breathe forth their sweet perfume;
Where cities rise like magic—
The creation of a day—
Oh, that's the place that pleases me,
And there I'd love to stay.
Oh, Decatur! that's the place for me,
The gate of Alabama, by the lovely Tennessee.

There fields are green and skies are blue,
And winter's hardly known;
And birds of every song and hue
Sing music all their own.
Where Nature has her blessings rich,
Bestowed with bounteous hand,
Ah! that's the place that pleases me,
The bright and sunny land,
Oh, Decatur! that's the place for me,
The gate of Alabama, by the lovely Tennessee.

'Tis there the men of enterprise,
 Have raised their standard high,
To show the world what men can do
 Whenever men will try;
The desert turns to fruitful field,
 And night is turned to day,
And Nature's dormant forces yield
 To Art's more potent sway.
Oh, Decatur ! that's the place for me,
The gate of Alabama, by the grand old Tennessee.

A cheer for Alabama !
 For she hastens to be great;
We send a hearty greeting
 From the old Green Mountain State !
Success to young Decatur,
 Soon may she come to be
The Queen of Alabama,
 By the glorious Tennessee !
Oh, Decatur ! that's the place for me,
The Queen of Alabama by the mighty Tennessee.

Hills of Decatur.

[Written when Decatur, Alabama, was in the high tide of prosperity.]

Let us go, let us go
To the hills of Decatur ;
Where the soft breezes blow,
Wafted from the Equator,
Where the sun brightly gleams
On the sweet blooming flowers ;
And the cool sparkling streams
Flow through green shady bowers.

'Tis a bright sunny land
With its wood-covered mountains ;
From whose sides, steep, and grand,
Gush the clear, crystal fountains ;
And its hills, ever green,
With their soft lights and shadows ;
And its broad vales between ;
And its smooth, grassy meadows.

There the oak and the pine
In their forest seclusion ;
Their strong branches entwine
In an endless profusion ;

There the birds of the air
Waked by nature's own warning ;
Pour their notes soft and fair
On the breezes of morning.

There the broad Tennessee,
Flowing on, flowing ever,
Rolls her tide to the sea,
Pausing not, pausing never.
There a city is placed
'Mid the beauties of Nature ;
Let us haste, let us haste,
To the hills of Decatur.

To an Infant.

Beautiful child, how sweet thy face
Lying serenely in Death's embrace ;
Closed is thine eye in thy long last sleep ;
Heeding no more the friends that weep.

Hushed is thy voice, so dear, so sweet ;
Silent the tread of thy infant feet ;
Thou hast repeated thy last sweet prayer,
Gone is thy spirit, where angels are.

Yes the dear Saviour has called for thee,
Heaven thy dwelling henceforth shall be ;
Thou hast been gathered in beauty's prime,
To a more lovely and genial clime.

How I Found My Pocket-book.

An Incident of Brooklyn.

Sitting silent in my office,
Musing on the world's great strife ;
Thinking of the griefs and sorrows
That befall us in this life ;

Thus engaged the door was opened,
And in glided quietly,
One of Brooklyn's fairest daughters,
And politely asked for me.

Wondering what could be the mission
Of this lady, young and fair ;
What dire words of fearful import . . .
Would she tell me then and there ;

While I sat in expectation,
Eyeing her with anxious look,
With bewitching grace she asked me,
"Did you lose a pocket-book ?"

All the scene then flashed before me
Swift as in a vision fleet,
When I placed my little daughter
On the cars, in Clinton street.

“Yes,” I said, at once divining
 Why this friendly call should be,
 She had found my valued treasure,
 And had brought it back to me.

Blessings on that gentle lady,
 And amid life’s cares and woes,
 May she scatter smiles and blessings,
 Through the world where e’er she goes.

To a Son.

Suggested by an affectionate letter.

The golden moments fly on angels’ wings,
 The golden hours pass quickly o’er the head ;
 Each golden day, its freight of blessings brings,
 And never fails to bring our daily bread.

But there are things with which we never part,
 Some treasured treasures, but among them none
 That so enshrine themselves within the heart,
 As “golden wishes from a grateful son.”

An Acrostic.

Flowers again are in full bloom.
Lovely flowers fresh and fair;
Oh how sweet their rich perfume
Rises on the morning air.
Early birds their carols sing,
Nature puts her beauty on;
Come at last, is lovely spring,
Earth rejoices, winter's gone.

Days of gladness and delight
All aglow with rosy light
You my fair one, make them bright.

"Hoe Your Own Row."

There's a secret in life that we all have to learn,
Who would rise in the world, and a living would earn,
And now if this secret you're anxious to know
I'll cheerfully tell you, just hoe your own row.

There's many a man who is honest and clever,
But so slow in his work that it takes him forever;
But the man that's successful, and makes business go,
Is the man that goes at it, and hoes his own row.

'Tis good to have friends, provided they're true;
'Tis good to have money, that helps a man too;
But the friends and the money are certain to go
On the side of the man that hoes out his own row.

I've met in my lifetime with many a man
Who early in life had adopted this plan,
And with nothing to start, made a fortune to grow,
And this was the secret, he hoed his own row.

Such men it is true may get many a blow,
But their foes will all cease when they find it no go;
And lifting their hats, they will bow very low
To the man who, in spite of them, hoes his own row.

Spring.

Listen to the voice of spring ;
Through the woods her echoes ring ;
Charming is the verdant scene ;
Welcome, welcome, spring again.

Listen to the melody
Of the birds upon each tree ;
Pouring forth a joyous strain ;
Welcome, welcome, spring again.

Listen to the notes of love,
Echoing from vale and grove ;
Lovely hills and vales between,
Welcome, welcome, spring again.

Her enchanting touch is seen
In the landscape's dress of green ;
Beauty sits on every scene ;
Welcome, welcome, spring again.

All around is peace and joy ;
Happiness without alloy ;
Let man, in a nobler strain,
Join to welcome spring again.

Coasting Song.

Tune, The Campbell's are Coming.

The traverse is coming, take care, take care !
Oh list to its humming, beware, beware !
For down we come sailing so light and gay ;
Now faster and faster, get out of the way !

Now ready, all ready, away we go
Over the beautiful ice and snow ;
A mile in a minute, yes that's the law ;
A mile in a minute, Hurrah ! Hurrah !!

A cheer for the sport that brings vigor and health ;
'Tis better, far better than millions of wealth ;
It mantles the cheek with a ruddy glow,
As down the street spinning we merrily go.

A cheer for the traverse both short and long ;
A cheer for toboggans both light and strong ;
Hurrah for the tuques, and the wavingcurls,
And the bloom on the cheek of the boys and the girls !

Come out to the coasting, both young and old ;
Come out in the evening, both timid and bold ;
The streets are all lighted, and flashing afar,
And the shout of the coasters rings out on the air.

Farewell to consumption, to fevers and chills ;
Farewell to the doctors with powders and pills ;
There's pleasure in coasting both rich and rare ;
There's vigor and health in the pure winter air.

A Story With a Moral.

There lived up in Richmond a doctor of note,
Whom the people by almost unanimous vote,
Which showed most conclusively they were no fools,
Had appointed as superintendent of schools.

Now the doctor knew well how to prize education,
And moreover, he knew 'twas the hope of the nation :
And so he resolved on the faithful discharge
Of the duty he owed to the country at large.

One fine summer day he had noted it down,
That he would inspect all the schools of the town,
Would take half a day to examine each one
And see if the school-ma'ams their duty had done.

As he journeyed along on his laudable mission
To examine the schools, and observe their condition,
A neighbor he soon overtook by the way,
And something like this was their talk on that day :

“Good morning, good morning,” the doctor began,
Addressing his neighbor, a plain farmer-man,
“Your school I am going to visit to-day ;
“Now come, get in here, and go with me, I say.”

“Oh no,” said the farmer, “that never will do,
“To visit our teacher and pupils with you ;
“I’ve a couple of *calves* in the pasture up here,
“It’s so dry that they’re suffering for water I fear.”

With a look that compelled him to hang down his head,
The doctor turned full on the farmer and said,
“Allow me to ask you a question, my friend,
“Ere you go to the pasture your calves to attend ;

“Haven’t you got a couple of calves down this way
“At the school-house, that need your attention to-day ?”

The farmer looked puzzled, he said not a word,
But he faithfully treasured the lesson he heard ;
And though he took care of his stock as before,
His children, henceforth, were neglected no more.

And now let all farmers who do things by halves
Take care of their children as well as their calves.

Canadian Shrewdness.

It came to pass, not very long ago,
On the occasion of a cattle show,
That a shrewd Frenchman, wide awake for trade,
And looking for the money to be made,
Without a possibility of loss,
Was driving at his trade of "swap de hoss."
Of course the beast was young and in his prime,
And showed but little the effect of time.
The trade went on. "I know," the Frenchman said,
"He don't look very well," and scratched his head,
"But he is one good hosses' I tell you,
"I swap, you geeve me tirty dollar too."
With many words the trade was duly made,
The horses changed, the "tirty dollar" paid,
Each took his homeward way with happy air,
And night closed down upon that cattle fair.

As in all ages past 'twas still the same,
After the night, again the morning came ;
And as a thing of course, the man who paid
The "tirty dollar" in the recent trade,
Went to the barn his fine young horse to feed,
To test his mettle, and to try his speed,
But to his horror soon began to find
That he was victimized, the horse was blind.

With rage and disappointment in his eye,
 That everyone might see as he passed by ;
 He hastens on his shrewd old friend to find,
 To state his grievance, and to free his mind.

“ Bon jour, Monsieur, that horse you sold I find
 “ Can’t see at all, he is entirely blind !”
 “ He bline,” you say, “ Dat hosses what I sell,
 “ Well, you remember now just what I tell,
 “ I say ‘ He no look very well dis fall ’
 “ By gosh ! I don’t know if he look at all.””

The Sportsman.

There was a man long time ago,
 A man of other times.
 (Good friend do not be angry now,
 I do not mean “Old Grimes.”)

He was a sportsman, fond of sport,
 But it is sad to tell,
 That, though a man of fair report,
 He loved his cups too well.

This sportsman sported dog and gun,
Among his other sports;
His dog, in chase of game to run,
His gun, to make "*reports*."

A hunting tour he'd often make,
At break of early morn;
Though powder he *might* fail to take;
He always "*took a horn*."

This was the cause that brought about
His luck, in killing game.
He never fired his gun, without
"*An object, or an aim*."

A friendly glass, his neighbors knew
He never would refuse,
And so he oft got very "*blue*";
And then, he had the "*blues*."

Such were his habits day by day,
And whether true or not,
His neighbors often used to say
That he was badly "*shot*."

And 'tis an easy thing to see,
This story *might* be true;
For true it was, that sometimes, he
Was badly "*loaded*" too.

When loaded thus, (and such a load
 Was more than he could bear;)
 'Twas often feared he would "*explode*,"
 And go, we won't say where.

And so, at last, it proved to be;
 To say it, gives me pain,
 For he "*went off*" quite suddenly,
 And ne'er returned again.

To you, oh men of sport, I say,
 Whate'er your state, or name;
 Don't load too heavy, or you may
 Become *the Devil's game*.

Sweet Lemons.

Sweet leman dis mornin'!
 I get dem for sell ;
 Deay all very nice,
 An dey beautiful smell.

Dey jis come from Boston,
 Not long on de way ;
 Dey very nice leman,
 I get dem to-day.

They *are* very nice,
 And their flavor I'd try ;
 But the fact is, my friend,
 I've no money to buy.

Your fruit is delicious,
 Of this I've no doubt ;
 But I'm poor to-day, Louis,
 And must go without.

“ You pauvre, Oh Lady,
 “ What make you say dat ?
 “ I tink you not pauvre
 “ Oh no, you be *fat*.”

You want some sweet leman
 For mange to-day ;
 I make you dis offer,
 I take *you* for pay.

“ You want some sweet leman,
 “ You pay me next time ;
 “ I geeve you an dozen
 “ Beeg one for tree dime ;

“ You nice pooty woman,
 “ I truss you for pay ;
 “ I pray for you lady
 “ Mos' every day.”

Why the Old Rooster Would Not Die.

Listen my boy, and you shall know,
A thing that happened long time ago.
When I was a boy not so old as you,
And the youngest of all the children too ;
Even now I laugh as I think it o'er
And the more I think, I laugh the more.
'Twas the chilly eve of an Autumn day
We were all in the kitchen cheery and gay ;
The fire burned bright on the old brick hearth,
And its cheerful light gave a zest to our mirth.
My eldest sister addressing me,
" To-morrow's Thanksgiving you know," said she,
" We must kill the chickens to-night, you see ;
" Now light the lantern and come with me ;
" I will wring their necks until they are dead,
" And we'll have them all dressed ere we go to bed."
So the huge old lantern made of tin,
Punched full of holes, and a candle within,
Put in its appearance in shorter time
Than it takes to make this jingling rhyme.
We started out, and the way I led,
For a raid on the chickens under the shed ;
A pile of roots filled the open space,
Thus making a splendid roosting place,

And a motley group of domestic fowls
Sat perched there as grave and denure as owls ;
My sister, unused to scenes of blood,
And pale with excitement, trembling stood ;
But summoning courage, she laid her plans,
And seized the old rooster with both her hands.
And with triumph written all over her face,
Her victim bore to the open space.
Then she wrung and wrung with might and main,
And wrung and twisted and wrung again,
Till, sure that the spark of life had fled
She threw him down on the ground for dead.
But the rooster would not consent to die,
And be made up into a chicken pie;
So he sprung away with cackle and bound,
Almost as soon as he touched the ground;
And hiding away from the candle's light,
Escaped the slaughter of that dark night.
My sister, thus brought to a sudden stand,
And looking at what she had in her hand,
Soon saw why the rooster was not dead,
She had wrung off his *tail* instead of his *head*.

A True Story.

Two worthy men once lived in Clintonville,
 Both famed for keen sarcasm and repartee;
 Old Uncle Bennie lived below the hill,
 And from his home his pleasant farm could see ;
 His friend lived near enough to be his neighbor,
 Both passed their days in hard and honest labor.

And yet, though friends, there was a ceaseless strife,
 A doubtful contest which had long been waged,
 Which broke the quietness of rural life ;
 They never met but they at once engaged,
 And jokes and gibes began their ceaseless rattle ;
 Thus Greek met Greek, then came the tug of battle.

At length they met, 'twas on a summer day,
 The sun was bright and cloudless was the sky;
 The air was scented with the new-mown hay,
 The bobolink sang merrily near by ;
 The time was fitting for a final tussle,
 And so the heroes soon were on their muscle.

Says Bennie 'Friend I have a word to say,
 If thee will only take it in good cheer,
 And act accordingly without delay,

I think thee'd better run away from here.
 In doing so thou wilt promote the good
 Of all the people in the neighborhood.'

'I think that you are right'—the other said
 'Perhaps it would be well for me to go,
 But some one else might rise up in my stead,
 Whose wit would be too much for you, you know,'
 "Where will thee run," said Bennie with a hiss
 "Thee's run away from every place but this."

To Chronic Growlers.

If dogs delight to bark and bite,
 Their course you need not follow,
 For he who growls the greatest growl,
 Is often the most hollow.

It can't be made good stock in trade ;
 This everlasting howling ;
 Though enemies are often made,
 You can't make friends by growling.

Whoever tries can catch more flies
 With a spoonful of molasses ;
 Than with a quart of vinegar
 Though placed in twenty glasses.

“The Filthy Weed.”

What is it grows in Southern climes ;
Much used by men in later times ;
Which costs them far too many dimes ?

Tobacco.

What is it gives a loathsome breath ;
Puts men into the drunkard’s path ;
Which shortens life and hastens death ?

Tobacco.

What is it causes gnawing pain ;
A dizzy head, and fevered brain ;
Makes some folks fools, and some insane ?

Tobacco.

What is it all the ladies hate ;
Which never makes men good, or great ;
But *boys* must try at any rate ?

Tobacco.

What is it makes a man a slave,
And often brings an early grave,
From which no art has power to save ?

Tobacco.

What is it we should take good heed,
 Never on such vile stuff to feed ;
 But say begone ! you filthy weed ?
 Tobacco.

A Poem Read in a Good Templars' Lodge.

Ye temperance people lend an ear,
 While briefly I address you;
 And the first impulse of my heart,
 Is to exclaim, God bless you !

You thought to lend a helping hand,
 In this our day of trouble;
 And so this Templars' Lodge you planned;
 May God reward you double.

'Twill stay the tide of human woe,
 'Twill lift a load of sorrow;
 And cause to dawn on troubled hearts
 A glorious to-morrow.

'Twill save the youth of promise fair
 From sins that sorely grieve him,
 And give him back his lady love
 Now just about to leave him.

'Twill save the money now paid out
To many a whiskey seller;
And save the life and character
Of many a worthy fellow.

Ye noble girls of our fair land,
In faith and hope uniting;
And side by side, a valiant band,
This mighty battle fighting:

You wield a most tremendous power;
Young men are what you make them;
Deelare they must be *sober men*,
Or else, you'll never take them.

And ye, young men of every trade,
Temperance a noble trade is;
You, in this grand and glorious cause,
Should emulate the Ladies.

Ye lawyers too, both great and small;
Well skilled in artful dodges;
Don't think yourselves too wise or great
To join Good Templars' Lodges.

To Eliza.

You speak of the days gone by—Cousin,
Our innocent youthful days;
When our joyous hearts beat warm and high,
In the light of hope's happy rays.

You will not attempt to deny—Cousin
That you've thought of them oft before;
And I fancy I hear you softly sigh,
For those days that will come no more.

But the world is beautiful still—Cousin,
And the heart, still young and gay;
Untouched by the chilling hand of time,
As yet, knoweth naught of decay.

We will calmly regard the past—Cousin
And turn with a hope serene,
To the joys of the Home in the world to come,
Which human eye ne'er hath seen.

For the Father is leading us on—Cousin,
With a kind and a gentle hand;
To the glorious life, far from mortal strife;
To the brighter, and better land.

Presentation Song.

Teacher, take this little treasure,
Which with grateful hearts we give;
May it be a source of pleasure;
Take, and keep it while you live.

Teacher, take our heartfelt blessing,
With the gift we now bestow;
May you, Heaven's love possessing,
Safely through life's journey go.

Teacher, we shall meet no longer,
As we're meeting here to-day.
Yet, may friendship's tie grow stronger,
As the years shall roll away.

To a Beloved Pastor.

My heart has longed to see you,
These many weary days;
To see your smile of gladness,
And join in words of praise.

“God bless you,” faithful brother,
Comes from my inmost soul;
My spirit’s deep emotions
Are far beyond control.

I think of all your labors,
Your earnest prayers and tears;
And in my recollection,
They’ll live through future years

A Christian Church divided,
We were, when first you came;
A Christian Church united,
Now lives to bless your name.

A hundred faithful converts
Are standing for the Lord;
Are walking in His statutes,
And trusting in His word.

Old Abraham was faithful,
And so was *Isaac* too:
God kept him in temptation
And brought him safely through.

May you, my more than Brother,
By Him who rules above;
Be kept through all the future,
In peace, and joy, and love.

The thoughts I here have written
Come thronging in my mind;
I will not make excuses,
For what you here may find.

Send back a kindly greeting,
To cheer me on my way;
I mean to come and see you,
And make a little stay.

And whenso'er you happen
To come as far as B,
Be sure to call and see us,
Be sure and stay to tea.

And now, farewell, my brother,
Believe me still to be
In faith, and love, and duty,
Yours truly, C. A. C.

Reminiscences of Childhood.

How often, in my childhood days,
Did I frequent this ancient road;
How often, through this shady place,
My boyish footsteps trod.

Oh, pleasant recollection
Of childhood's happy day;
Oh, mournful, sad reflection;
Those hours have passed away.

Dear to remembrance is this place,
My brother and I so often sought;
Its memory time cannot efface;
It cannot be forgot.

Say brother, say, where art thou?
Where has thy spirit fled?
Thy sprightly form is moldering now,
Long numbered with the dead.

Young spring's first footsteps now are seen;
The fairest flowers deck the ground;
And Flora, with her dress of green
Has clad the scene around.

But young spring, soon receding,
 Then follows summer's glow;
 Thus each to each succeeding;
 The seasons come, and go.

'Tis thus life's journey is begun;
 The beauteous prospect charms the eye;
 While brightly beams the golden sun,
 From out an azure sky.

But life's spring fast retreating,
 To summer will give place;
 Life's autumn, quickly meeting;
 We close our earthly race.

School-Day Memories.

Read at a Dinner Given by Mrs. P. M. to a Party of the Author's Former
 Pupils.

Awake, oh muse and help us sing
 The school-day songs we loved so well;
 Turn back, oh Time, and to us bring
 The scenes of which we love to tell.

What precious memories throng around
The pleasant years of school-day life;
They come with sweet and gentle sound,
Unmarred by sorrow, care or strife,

I see a group of children fair,
Gathering around the school-house dear;
Their shouts ring out on the morning air,
They know no sorrow, grief, or fear.

The boys are playing tag or ball;
A group of girls are softly humming
A school-day song, but most of all
They watch to see the teacher coming.

“Ah, there he comes!” away they bound,
Led by a bright tow-headed creature;
Their flying feet scarce touch the ground;
So eager they, to meet the teacher.

Among that group could some be found
Who often carried off the honors;
As scholars they were good all round,
A jolly family of “Connors.”

And one of these a right good heart
Was always cheerful, always merry;
And ever prompt to do her part;
And everybody called her “Mary.”

And then there was a noble boy,
None ever knew him but to love;
He is not here to share our joy,
But shares the greater joys above.

And then there was another girl,
Who came to be a fine dress-maker ;
Could fit a dress, or plait a curl,
At last she came to be a "Baker."

And there was Eva, sweet and small ;
And cheerful as a Happy New-Year,
And still she lives to cheer us all ;
Oh Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !!

Ah what a company we knew
Whose names we now can scarce recall;
An army by the name of Drew,
Of boys and girls, good scholars all.

Truman and Jones and Proctor, too,
And Willard we must not forget;
A whole quartette of Blethens too,
They're living yet ! they're living yet !

And Austin too, how well we know ;
How bright and yet how sad his story;
How well he preached, (our little Joe)
And then dropped dead and went to glory.

How happy were those bright school days ;
 How sweet their memory though they're past ;
 They ever will command a place
 Within our hearts while life shall last.

We're training in another school ;
 Teacher and pupils all together ;
 Our teacher Christ, His word our rule,
 We take the gift, and bless the giver.

To S. H.

(On his Eighty-third Birthday.)

In shadow and sunshine;
 In joys, and in tears;
 You have travelled life's pathway
 These eighty-three years.
 We come to salute you,
 This beautiful day;
 And bid you go on,
 In the same good old way.

How sweet, at the close
 Of a long, useful life;
 To feel that, amid
 The world's turmoil, and strife,

You never have faltered,
But worked with your might,
For honor, and virtue,
For justice, and right.

You have succored the sick,
And the poor you have fed;
You have cared for the dying,
And buried the dead.
Your hand has been open
To help the distressed;
You smote the oppressor,
And saved the oppressed.

Like the Oak in the tempest
You firmly have stood;
By evil men hated
But loved by the good;
And hosts of the people
Will rise up, and say,
“He worked for our welfare
By night, and by day.”

Though rugged and thorny
The path you have trod,
You are rapidly nearing
The City of God.
The breezes Celestial

Are filling your sails,
And Homeward you're driven
By Heaven's sweet gales.

Ride on o'er life's Ocean,
 Oh mariner brave;
The fierer the tempest,
 And higher the wave,
The sooner life's voyage
 Will come to a close;
And peacefully end
 In eternal repose.

Accept this poor offering;
 It comes from a friend;
And may Heaven's rich blessings
 Your footsteps attend;
And we hope, that before
 Your probation is o'er,
To your life shall be added
 Yet many years more.

Alphabetical Acrostic.

As the bright rose of summer in radiance appears,
Bringing joy to the heart of the beauty it wears;
Casting forth its mild fragrance o'er landscape and sea;
Do thou let it be but an emblem of thee.
Each day as it flies on the swift wings of time;
From its onward career learn a lesson sublime.
Give all due attention to virtue and truth;
Her counsels be ever the guide of thy youth.
If youth flies away with the bloom which it gave;
Just remember, when nearing the gloom of the grave,
Kind Heaven in mercy delights to impart
Life, pardon, and peace, to the calm trusting heart.
Mid the trials of life, mid its sorrow and care,
Never yield to temptation, nor sink in despair.
O'er all thy life's path let true virtue preside,
Peace then shall be thine, and no evil betide.
Quick as thought let thy judgment appropriate truth;
Remember thy maker in the days of thy youth.
Supported by power that comes from on high,
Thy life shall be sweet, and its moments pass by,
Unruffled by care, and unsullied by sin;
Vice all kept without, and true virtue within.
Watch well o'er your words, let your actions be pure,
Your peace, and your joy, then shall ever endure.

Vita Ex Morte.

From the fair sunny South
With a terrible cry,
Comes the wail of the stricken,
"Send help or we die."
And quickly responsive
From one, and from all,
Goes the wealth of the North
At Humanity's call ;
While, for those who are left
In that scene of despair ;
Rolls upward to Heaven
One volume of prayer.

Oh, Angel of death,
Thy dark wings hast thou spread ;
Thou fillest our cities
With dying and dead ;
By hundreds, and thousands,
Thou layest them to sleep ;
And thou givest no time
For the living to weep.

Oh Land of the South,
 Thou art stricken of God ;
 Wilt thou bend to the stroke
 Of the chastening rod ?
 Wilt thou see in this plague
 The omnipotent Hand
 That sendeth rebuke
 For the sins of the land ?
 Wilt thou turn from oppression,
 From bloodshed, and strife,
 And glorify Him
 In whose hand is thy life ?

When the Angel of death,
 At the word of the Lord,
 Shall return to its scabbard
 His glittering sword ;
 When the pestilence dire,
 To the full shall be fed,
 And the line shall be drawn
 'Twixt the living and dead :

When gladness replaees
 Thy terror, and gloom,
 And peace, health, and safety,
 Their sway shall resume ;
 Wilt thou cease to remember
 The hearts that have prayed,

And the hands that have given
That the plague might be stayed?

Let friendship and union
Grow strong from this hour ;
And brotherly kindness
Assert its full power ;
Let malice depart,
Let peace come in its stead,
And friendship be sealed,
O'er the grave of the dead. -

The Old Pine Tree on the Court-House Square.

'Tis little more than a hundred years,
Since the ground whereon our city stands;
Was covered thick with a forest growth,
Which was then untouched by human hands.

Along the shore, on the sandy bank,
At first, just a few log houses stood ;
And the only way to our city park,
Was a footpath through the tangled wood.

It was nothing strange in those early days ;
To find a deer, or perhaps a bear,
Among the pines of the forest dim ;
Where afterwards was the Court-House Square.

But the forest bowed to the woodman's stroke,
And of all the trees that were standing there ;
They left but a single one untouched ;
A beautiful pine, on the Court-House Square.

'Twas a noble tree, and for many years
It had weathered the tempest's fiercest shock ;
It might have been a young sapling, when
The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

It waved its welcome to Lafayette ;
But hardly a man is now alive,
Who saw the old hero when he came,
In Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-five.

As a stately landmark long it stood ;
But the thing for which it was noted most ;
Was, that long before there were county jails,
The tree had been used for a whipping-post.

Here, many a man in those stern old times ;
No matter if he was white, or black ;
Had paid the penalty of his crimes,
By stripes well laid on his naked back.

A colored dame to the tree was bound,
And lashed till the blood from her shoulders streamed ;
And trickled down on the sandy ground,
While she writhed in pain, and cursed, and screamed.

But the tree grew old and the people feared
That some day, the tempest too strong might blow ;
So the woodman came with his axe so bright,
And the beautiful tree was soon laid low.

I love to stroll through the City Park,
Now made by the hand of art so fair ;
And stop to look at the place where stood
The old Pine Tree, on the Court-House Square.

Notes.

NOTES.

Page 33. To the munificence of the late Harry LeGrand Cannon, our city is indebted for the beautiful chimes of St. Paul's.

Page 36. This poem was written about the year 1857 when it seemed as if the whole power of the Government was used in the interests of slavery.

Page 55. This poem was written in September, 1878, and refers to the disgraceful scene in the Senate on the night when the Silver Bill was passed.

Page 59. "Minnehaha" is the Indian name for laughing water.

Page 70. This Poem was read at a meeting of the citizens of Burlington, in the City Hall, upon the inauguration of the first line of Street Railway, Nov. 16, 1885.

Page 101. In the second line of the first verse, the word "loving" should be *lovely*.

Page 117. The Sportsman was written about the year 1853, in imitation of the style of Vermont's humorous poet, John G. Saxe. In those days, "Old Grimes and his brothers, and Miss Polly Grimes," were brought out in vapid and inane rhymes, paraphrased, rehashed and reiterated, till they became tiresome, if not disgusting. The last two lines of the first verse refer to this.

Page 129. This song was written at the request of members of the Burlington High School. The occasion was the presentation of a beautiful souvenir to their teacher, who was about to leave the school.

Page 132. This is the oldest poem. It was written in 1839 at the age of seventeen.

Page 135. The last line of the third verse refers to a very amusing incident in school. The phrase Hallo! Hallo! which occurred in the reading lesson was innocently rendered "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" causing a burst of merriment in which the teacher himself was compelled to join.

Page 140. "Vita ex morte." Life out of death. This was written at a time when there was terrible suffering in many of the Southern States from the scourge of yellow fever. The latter part of the third stanza refers to the wholesale slaughter of colored people, under the "*Invisible Empire*," better known as the "Ku Klux outrages." In the Public Library at St. Johnsbury, Vt., is the complete report of the Committee of Congress, consisting of thirteen volumes, which shows that more than ten thousand of the colored population of the Southern States were butchered in cold blood. This also was the estimate of General Sheridan who visited the South, to see for himself.

INDEX.

	Page.
The Voice of Sacred Song.....	5
The Old College Bell.....	7
Prehistoric Vermont	9
Our Father-Land	12
The Teacher, the True Hero.....	13
To the Rechabites and Friends of Temperance.....	27
To My Mother.....	28
Lines.....	30
Once in a Lifetime	31
The Bells of Burlington	33
To My Young Friends Everywhere	34
The Moloch of Slavery	36
The Wanderer's Thoughts of Home.....	37
To Mr. and Mrs. S. B.....	39
The Old Home	41
The Baltic Street Mission.....	43
To Rev. James Caughey.....	45
Is Mother There ?.....	47
We Parted in Silence.....	49
To the Christian Advocate.....	50
Brightness Beyond.....	51
Faint Not	53
To W.....	54
Lines Inspired by a Disgraceful Scene in the Senate of the United States.....	55

To Mr. and Mrs. E. W. P.....	57
Good News.....	58
Minnehaha.....	59
To D.....	60
An Incident in B.....	61
To Eugenie W.....	63
The Spirit of Our Fathers.....	64
Lake Champlain.....	66
Golden Wedding.....	68
The Coming of the Horse Cars.....	70
Poem Recited at a Banquet.....	71
Voices of Spring.....	73
Memorial Poem to Robert Meech Walker.....	74
Recollections	76
A Poem Delivered Before the Odd Fellows, September 10, 1894.....	78
Odd Fellowship, a Poem read before Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1, at its Fiftieth Anniversary, December 21, 1894	79
Laus Deo.....	84
A Prayer	86
The Word Was God.....	88
Christ and the Children.....	91
Ruth	93
The Transfiguration.....	96
The Great Confession	97
I Write Unto You, Little Children.....	99
I'll Think of Thee.....	100
To Miss M. H.....	102

Oh Decatur,	103
Hills of Decatur	105
To an Infant	107
How I Found My Pocket-Book.....	108
To a Son.....	109
An Aerostic	110
Hoe Your Own Row	111
Spring	112
Coasting Song	113
A Story With a Moral.....	114
Canadian Shrewdness.....	116
The Sportsman	117
Sweet Lemons.....	119
Why the Old Rooster Would Not Die	121
A True Story	123
To Chronic Growlers.....	124
The Filthy Weed	125
A Poem Read in a Good Templars' Lodge.....	126
To Eliza.....	128
Presentation Song,.....	129
To a Beloved Pastor.....	130
Reminiscences of Childhood.....	132
School-day Memories.....	133
To S. H.....	136
Alphabetical Aerostic	139
Vita ex Morte	140
The Pine Tree on the Court-House Square.....	143

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 585 2